

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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THE NEW WORLD ORDER

Whether it is attainable, how it can be attained, and what sort of world a world at peace will have to be

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(Continued)

UNSATISFIED YOUTH

WE have now to examine these disruptive forces a little more closely, these disruptive forces which are manifestly overstraining and destroying the social and political system in which most of us have been reared. At what particular points in our political and social life are these disruptive forces discovering breaking-points?

Chief among these breaking-points, people are beginning to realize more and more clearly, is the common, half-educated young man.

One particular consequence of this onrush of power and invention in our time, is the release of a great flood of human energy in the form of unemployed young people. This is a primary factor of the general political instability.

We have to recognize that humanity is not suffering, as most animal species when they suffer seem to do, from hunger or want in any material form. It is threatened not by deficiency but by excess. It is plethoric. It is not lying down to die through physical exhaustion; it is knocking itself to pieces.

Measured by any standards except human contentment and ultimate security, mankind appears to be much wealthier now than in 1918. The quantities of power and material immediately available are much greater. What is called productivity in general is greater. But there is sound reason for supposing that a large part of this increased productivity is really a swifter

and more thorough exploitation of irreplaceable capital. It is a process that cannot go on indefinitely. It rises to a maximum and then the feast is over. Natural resources are being exhausted at a great rate, and the increased output goes into war munitions whose purpose is destruction, and into sterile indulgences no better than waste. Man, "heir of the ages", is a demoralized spendthrift, in a state of galloping consumption, living on stimulants.

When we look into the statistics of population, there is irrefutable proof that everywhere we are passing a maximum (see for this Enid Charles's *The Twilight of Parenthood* or R. R. Kuczynski's *Measurement of Population Growth*) and that a rapid decline is certain not only in Western Europe but throughout the world. There is sound reason for doubting the alleged vast increase of the Russian people (see Souvarine's *Stalin*). Nevertheless because of the continually increasing efficiency of productive methods, the *relative* pressure of this new unemployed class increases. The "mob" of the twentieth century is quite different from the almost animal "mob" of the eighteenth century. It is a restless sea of dissatisfied young people, of young women who no longer bear children and young men who can find no outlet for their natural urgencies and ambitions, young people quite ready to "make trouble" as soon as they are shown how.

In the technically crude past, the illiterate Have-nots were sweated and overworked. It was easy to find toil to keep them all busy. Such surplus multitudes are wanted no more. Toil is no longer marketable. Machines can toil better and with less resistance.

These frustrated multitudes have been made acutely aware of their own frustration. The gap of their always partly artificial disadvantage has been greatly diminished because now they all read. Even for incidental employment it has been necessary to teach them that, and the new reading public thus created has evoked a press and literature of excitement and suggestion. The cinema and the radio dazzle them with spectacles of luxury and unrestricted living. They are not the helpless Hodges and factory fodder of a hundred years ago. They are educated up to what must have been the middle-class

vel in 1889. They are indeed largely a squeezed-out middle class, restless, impatient and as we shall see extremely dangerous. They have assimilated almost all of the lower strata that were formerly illiterate drudges.

And this modernized excess population has no longer any social humility. It has no belief in the infallible wisdom of its rulers. It sees them too clearly; it knows about them, their taste, vices and weaknesses, with an even exaggerated vividness. It sees no reason for its exclusion from the good things of life by such people. It has lost enough of its inferiority to realize that most of that inferiority is arbitrary and artificial.

You may say that this is a temporary state of affairs, that the fall in population will presently relieve the situation, by getting rid of this surplus of the "not wanted". But it will do nothing of the sort. As population falls, consumption will fall. Industries will still be producing more and more efficiently for a shrinking market and they will be employing fewer and fewer hands. A state of five million people with half a million of useless hands, will be twice as unstable as forty million with two million standing off. So long as the present state of affairs continues, this stratum of perplexed young people "out of it" will increase relatively to the total community.

It is still not realized as clearly as it should be, how much the troubles of the present time are due to this new aspect of the social puzzle. But if you will scrutinize the events of the past half century in the light of this idea, you will see more and more convincingly that it is mainly through this growing mass of unfulfilled desire that the disruptive forces manifest themselves.

The eager and adventurous unemployed young are indeed the shock troops in the destruction of the old social order everywhere. They find guidance in some confident Party or some inspired Champion, who organizes them for revolutionary or counter-revolutionary ends. It scarcely matters which. They become Communists or they become Fascists, Nazis, the Irish Republican Army, Ku Klux Klansmen and so forth and so on. The essence is the combination of energy, frustration and discontent. What all such movements have in common, is a genuine indignation at the social institutions that have begotten and then cold-shouldered them, a quasi-military

organization and the resolve to seize power for themselves embodied in their leaders. A wise and powerful government would at any cost anticipate and avert these destructive activities by providing various and interesting new employment and the necessary condition for a satisfyingly successful life for everyone. These young people are life. The rise of the successful leader only puts off the trouble for a time. He seizes power in the name of his movement. And then? When the seizure of power has been effected, he finds himself obliged to keep things going, to create justification for his leadership, exciting enterprises, urgencies.

A leader of vision with adequate technical assistance might conceivably direct much of the human energy he has embodied into creative channels. For example, he could rebuild the dirty, inadequate cities of our age, turn the still slovenly countryside into a garden and playground, re-clothe, liberate and stimulate imaginations, until the ideas of creative progress became a habit of mind. But in doing this he will find himself confronted by those who are sustained by the pre-emptions and appropriations of the old order. These relatively well-off people will bargain with him up to the last moment for their money and impede his seizure and utilization of land and material resources, and he will be further hampered by the fact that in organizing his young people he has had to turn their minds and capacities from creative work to systematic violence and militant activities. It is easy to make an unemployed young man into a Fascist or gangster but it is hard to turn him back to any decent social task. Moreover the Champion's own leadership was largely due to his conspiratorial and adventurous quality. He is himself unfit for a creative job. He finds himself a fighter at the head of a fighting pack.

And furthermore, unless his country is on the scale of Russia and the United States, whatever he attempts in order to make good his promises of an abundant life, has to be done in face of that mutual pressure of the sovereign states due to the abolition of distance and change of scale which we have already considered. He has no elbow-room in which to operate. The resultant of these convergent difficulties is to turn him and his fighting pack

mentlessly towards the simplifying, liberating and releasing
tax of predatory war.

Everywhere in the world, under varying local circumstances,
we see governments primarily concerned with this supreme
problem of what to do with these young adults who are
unemployable under present conditions. We have to realize
that and bear it constantly in mind. It is there in every
country. It is the most dangerous and wrong-headed view
of the world situation, to treat the totalitarian countries as
suffering fundamentally from the rest of the world.

The problem of reabsorbing the unemployable adult is the
essential problem in all states. It is the common shape to
which all current political dramas reduce. How are we to use
up or slake this surplus of human energy? The young are the
live core of our species. The generation below sixteen or
seventeen has not yet begun to give trouble, and after forty,
the ebb of vitality disposes men to accept the lot that has
fallen to them.

Franklin Roosevelt and Stalin find themselves in control
of vast countries under-developed or so misdeveloped that
their main energies go into internal organization or re-organiza-
tion. They do not press against their frontiers therefore and
they do not threaten war. The recent Russian annexations
have been precautionary-defensive. But all the same both
Russia and America have to cater for that troublesome social
stratum quite as much as Europe. The New Deal is plainly an
attempt to achieve a working socialism and avert a social
collapse in America; it is extraordinarily parallel to the
successive "Policies" and "Plans" of the Russian experiment.
Americans shirk the word "socialism", but what else can one
call it?

The British oligarchy, demoralized and slack with the
accumulated wealth of a century of advantage, bought off
social upheaval for a time by the deliberate and socially
demoralizing appeasement of the dole. It has made no adequate
effort to employ or educate these surplus people; it has just
pushed the dole at them. It even tries to buy off the leader
of the Labour Party with a salary of £2,000 a year. Whatever
we may think of the quality and deeds of the Nazi or Fascist

régimes or the follies of their leaders, we must at any rate concede that they attempt however clumsily to reconstruct life in a collectivist direction. They are efforts to adjust and construct and so far they are in advance of the British ruling class. The British Empire has shown itself the least constructive of all governing networks. It produces no New Deals, no Five Year Plans ; it keeps on trying to stave off its inevitable dissolution and carry on upon the old lines—and apparently it will do that until it has nothing more to give away.

“Peace in our time”, that foolishly premature self-congratulation of Mr. Chamberlain, is manifestly the guiding principle of the British elder statesmen. It is that natural desire we all begin to feel after sixty to sit down comfortably somewhere. Unprogressive tranquillity they want at any price, even at the price of a preventive war. This astonishing bunch of rulers has never revealed any conception whatever of a common future before its sprawling Empire. There was a time when that Empire seemed likely to become the nexus of a world system, but now manifestly it has no future but disintegration. Apparently its rulers expected it to go on just as it was for ever. Bit by bit its component parts have dropped away and become quasi-independent powers, generally after an unedifying struggle ; Southern Ireland for example is neutral in the present war, South Africa hesitated.

Now, and that is why this book is being written, these people, by a string of almost incredible blunders, have entangled what is left of their Empire in a great war to “end Hitler”, and they have absolutely no suggestion to offer their antagonists and the world at large, of what is to come after Hitler. Apparently they hope to paralyse Germany in some as yet unspecified fashion and then to go back to their golf links or the fishing stream and the doze by the fire after dinner. That is surely one of the most astounding things in history, the possibility of death and destruction beyond all reckoning and our combatant governments have no idea of what is to follow when the overthrow of Hitler is accomplished. They seem to be as void of any sense of the future, as completely empty-headed about the aftermath of their campaigns, as one of those American Tories who are “just out against F.D.R. Damn him !”

So the British Empire remains, paying its way down to ultimate bankruptcy, buying itself a respite from the perplexing problems of the future, with the accumulated wealth and power of its past. It is rapidly becoming the most backward political organization in the world. But sooner or later it will have no more money for the dole and no more allies to abandon nor dominions to yield up to their local bosses, and then possibly its disintegration will be complete (R.I.P.), leaving intelligent English people to line up at last with America and the rest of the intelligent world and face the universal problem. Which is: how are we to adapt ourselves to these mighty disruptive forces that are shattering human society as it is at present constituted?

In the compressed countries which have little internal scope and lack the vast natural resources of the Russian and Atlantic communities, the internal tension makes more directly for aggressive warfare, but the fundamental driving-force behind their aggressiveness is still the universal trouble, that surplus of young men.

Seen in this broader vision, the present war falls into its true proportions as a stupid conflict upon secondary issues, which is delaying and preventing an overdue world adjustment. That it may kill hundreds of thousands of people does not alter that. An idiot with a revolver can murder a family. He remains an idiot.

From 1914 to 1939 has been a quarter of a century of folly, meanness, evasion and resentment, and only a very tedious and copious historian would attempt to distribute the blame among those who had played a part in the story. And when he had done it, what he had done would not matter in the least. An almost overwhelmingly difficult problem has confronted us all, and in some measure we have all of us lost our heads in the face of it, lost our dignity, been too clever by half, pinned ourselves to cheap solutions, quarrelled stupidly among ourselves. "We have erred and strayed We have left undone those things that we ought to have done and we have done those things which we ought not to have done and there is no health in us."

I do not see any way to a solution of the problem of World

Peace unless we begin with a confession of universal wrong-thinking and wrong-doing. Then we can sit down to the question of a solution with some reasonable prospect of finding an answer.

Now let us assume that "we" are a number of intelligent men, German, French, English, American, Italian, Chinese and so forth, who have decided in consequence of the war and in spite of the war, while the war is still going on, to wipe out all these squabbling by-gones from our minds, and discuss plainly and simply the present situation of mankind. What is to be done with the world? Let us recapitulate the considerations that so far have been brought into the case and then examine where they lead us, what other general considerations can be brought in, and what prospects they open, if any, of some hopeful concerted action, action that would so revolutionize the human outlook as to end war and that hectic recurrent waste of human life and happiness, for ever.

Firstly then it has been made apparent that humanity is at the end of an age, an age of fragmentation in the management of its affairs, fragmentation politically among separate sovereign states and economically among unrestricted business organizations competing for profit. The abolition of distance, the enormous increase of available power, root causes of all our troubles, have suddenly made what was once a tolerable working system—a system that was perhaps with all its inequalities and injustices the only practicable working system in its time—enormously dangerous and wasteful, so that it threatens to exhaust and destroy our world altogether. Man is like a feckless heir who has suddenly been able to get at his capital and spend it as though it were income. We are living in a phase of violent and irreparable expenditure. There is an intensified scramble among nations and among individuals to acquire, monopolize and spend. The dispossessed young find themselves hopeless unless they resort to violence. They implement the ever-increasing instability. Only a comprehensive collectivization of human affairs can arrest this disorderly self-destruction of mankind. All this has been made plain in what has gone before.

This essential problem, the problem of collectivization,

can be viewed from two reciprocal points of view and stated in two different ways. We can ask, "What is to be done to end the world chaos?", and also "How can we offer the common young man a reasonable and stimulating prospect of a full life?"

These two questions are the obverse and reverse of one question. What answers one answers the other. The answer to both is that we have to collectivize the world as one system with practically everyone playing a reasonably satisfying part in it. For sound practical reasons, over and above any ethical or sentimental considerations, we have to devise a collectivization that neither degrades nor enslaves.

Our imaginary world conference then has to turn itself to the question of how to collectivize the world, so that it will remain collectivized and yet enterprising, interesting and happy enough to content that common young man who will otherwise reappear, baffled and sullen, at the street corners and throw it into confusion again. To that problem the rest of this book will address itself.

As a matter of fact it is very obvious that at the present time a sort of collectivization is being imposed very rapidly upon the world. Everyone is being enrolled, ordered about, put under control somewhere—even if it is only in an evacuation or concentration camp or what not. This process of collectivization, collectivization of some sort, seems now to be in the nature of things and there is no reason to suppose it is reversible. Some people imagine world peace as the end of that process. Collectivization is going to be defeated and a vaguely conceived reign of law will restore and sustain property, Christianity, individualism and everything to which the respectable prosperous are accustomed. This is implicit even in the title of such a book as Edward Mousley's *Man or Leviathan*? It is much more reasonable to think that world peace has to be the necessary completion of that process, and that the alternative is a decadent anarchy. If so, the phrase for the aims of liberal thought should be not *Man or Leviathan* but *Man masters Leviathan*.

On this point, the inevitability of collectivization as the sole alternative to universal brigandage and social collapse, our world conference must make itself perfectly clear.

Then it has to turn itself to the much more difficult and complicated question of *how*.

SOCIALISM UNAVOIDABLE.

Let us, even at the cost of a certain repetition, look a little more closely now into the fashion in which the disruptive forces are manifesting themselves in the Western and Eastern hemispheres.

In the Old World the hypertrophy of armies is most conspicuous, in America it was the hypertrophy of big business. But in both the necessity for an increasing collective restraint upon unco-ordinated over-powerful business or political enterprise is more and more clearly recognized.

There is a strong opposition on the part of great interests in America to the President, who has made himself the spear-head of the collectivizing drive; they want to put the brake now on his progressive socialization of the nation, and quite possibly, at the cost of increasing social friction, they may slow down the drift to socialism very considerably. But it is unbelievable that they dare provoke the social convulsion that would ensue upon a deliberate reversal of the engines or upon any attempt to return to the glorious days of big business, wild speculation and mounting unemployment, before 1927. They will merely slow down the drive. For in the world now all roads lead to socialism or social dissolution.

The tempo of the process is different in the two continents; that is the main difference between them. It is not an opposition. They travel at different rates but they travel towards an identical goal. In the Old World at present the socialization of the community is going on far more rapidly and thoroughly than it is in America because of the perpetual war threat.

In Western Europe now the dissolution and the drive towards socialization progress by leaps and bounds. The British governing class and British politicians generally, overtaken by a war they had not the intelligence to avert, have tried to atone for their slovenly unimaginativeness during the past twenty years in a passion of witless improvization. God

knows what their actual war preparations amount to, but their domestic policy seems to be based on an imperfect study of Barcelona, Guernica, Madrid and Warsaw. They imagine similar catastrophes on a larger scale—although they are quite impossible, as every steady-headed person who can estimate the available supplies of petrol knows—and they have a terrible dread of being held responsible. They fear a day of reckoning with their long-bamboozled lower classes. In their panic they are rapidly breaking up the existing order altogether.

The changes that have occurred in Great Britain in less than a year are astounding. They recall in many particulars the social dislocation of Russia in the closing months of 1917. There has been a shifting and mixing-up of people that would have seemed impossible to anyone in 1937. The evacuation of the centres of population under the mere exaggerated threat of air raids has been carried out by the authorities in a mood of frantic recklessness. Hundreds of thousands of families have been broken up, children separated from their parents and quartered in the homes of more or less reluctant hosts. Parasites and skin diseases, vicious habits and insanitary practices have been spread as if in a passion of equalitarian propaganda, from the slums of such centres as Glasgow, London and Liverpool, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Railways, road traffic, all the normal communications have been dislocated by a universal running about. For a couple of months Great Britain has been more like a disturbed ant-hill than an organized civilized country.

The contagion of funk has affected everyone. Public institutions and great business concerns have bolted to remote and inconvenient sites; the B.B.C. organization, for example, scuffled off headlong from London, needlessly and ridiculously, no man pursuing it. There has been a wild epidemic of dismissals of servants employed in London, for example, and a still wilder shifting of unsuitable men to novel, unnecessary jobs. Everyone has been exhorted to serve the country, children of twelve, to the great delight of conservative-minded farmers, have been withdrawn from school and put to work on the land, and yet the number of those who have lost their jobs and cannot find anything else to do, has gone up by over 100,000.

There have been amateurish attempts to ration food, producing waste here and artificial scarcity there. A sort of massacre of small independent businesses is in progress mainly to the advantage of the big provision-dealing concerns, who changed in a night from open profiteers to become the "expert" advisers of food supply. All the expertise they have ever displayed has been the extraction of profits from food supply. But while profits mount, taxation with an air of great resolution sets itself to prune them.

The British public has always been phlegmatic in the face of danger, it is too stout-hearted and too stupid to give way to excesses of fear, but the authorities have thought it necessary to plaster the walls with vast, manifestly expensive, posters, headed with a Royal Crown, "*Your courage, your resolution, your cheerfulness will bring us victory.*"

"Oh yus," said the London Cockney. "*You'll get the victory all right. Trust you. On my courage, my resolution, my cheerfulness; you'll use up 'Tommy Atkins' all right. Larf at 'im in a kindly sort of way and use him. And then you think you'll put him back again on the dust-heap. Again? Twice?*"

That is all too credible. But this time our rulers will emerge discredited and frustrated from the conflict, to face a disorganized population in a state of mutinous enquiry. They have made preposterous promises to restore Poland and they will certainly have to eat their words about that. Or what is more probable, the government will have to give place to another administration which will be able to eat those words for them with a slightly better grace. There is little prospect of Thanksgiving Services or any Armistice night orgy this time. People at home are tasting the hardships of war even more tediously and irritatingly than the men on active service. Cinemas, theatres, have been shut prematurely, black-outs have diminished the safety of the streets and doubled the toll of road casualties. The British crowd is already a sullen crowd. The world has not seen it in such a bad temper for a century and a half, and, let there be no mistake about it, it is far less in a temper with the Germans than it is with its own rulers.

Through all this swirling intimidating propaganda of civil disorder and a systematic suppression of news and criticism of the most exasperating sort, war preparation has proceeded. The perplexed and baffled citizen can only hope that on the military side there had been a little more foresight and less hysteria.

The loss of confidence and particularly confidence in the government and social order is already enormous. No one feels secure, in his job, in his services, in his savings, any longer. People lose confidence even in the money in their pockets. And human society is built on confidence. It cannot carry on without it.

Things are like this already and it is only the opening stage of this strange war. The position of the ruling class and the financial people who have hitherto dominated British affairs is a peculiar one. The cost of the war is already enormous and there is no sign that it will diminish. Income tax, super tax, death duties, taxes on war profits have been raised to a level that should practically extinguish the once prosperous middle strata of society altogether. The very wealthy will survive in a shorn and diminished state, they will hang on to the last, but the graded classes that have hitherto intervened between them and the impoverished masses of the population, who will be irritated by war sacrifices, extensively unemployed and asking more and more penetrating questions, will have diminished greatly. Only by the most ingenious monetary manipulation, by dangerous tax-dodging and expedients verging on sheer scoundrelism, will a clever young man have the ghost of a chance of climbing by the old traditional money-making ladder, above his fellows. On the other hand the career of a public employee will become continually more attractive. There is more interest in it and more self-respect. The longer the war continues, the greater and more plainly irreparable will be the dissolution of the old order.

Now to many readers who have been incredulous of the statement of the first section of this book, that we are living in the End of an Age, to those who have been impervious to the account of the disruptive forces that are breaking up the social order and to the argument I have drawn from them, who may

have got away from all that, so to speak, by saying they are "scientific" or "materialistic" or "sociological" or "high-brow," or that the Providence that has hitherto displayed such a marked bias in favour of well-off, comfortable, sluggish-minded people is sure to do something nice for them at the eleventh hour, the real inconveniences, alarms, losses and growing disorder of the life about them may at last bring a realization that the situation in Western Europe is approaching revolutionary conditions. It will be a hard saying for many people in the advantage-holding classes, and particularly if they are middle-aged, that the old order has already gone to pieces and can never be put back. But how can they doubt it?

A revolution, that is to say a more or less convulsive effort at social and political readjustment, is bound to come in all these overstrained countries, in Germany, in Britain, and universally. It is more likely than not to arise directly out of the exasperating diminuendos and crescendos of the present war, as a culminating phase of it. Revolution of some sort we must have. We cannot prevent its onset. But we can affect the course of its development. It may end in utter disaster or it may release a new world, far better than the old. Within these broad limits it is possible for us to make up our minds *how* it will come to us.

And since the only practical question before us is the question of *how* we will take this world revolution we cannot possibly evade, let me recall to your attention the reasons I have advanced in the second section of this book for the utmost public discussion of our situation at the present time. And also let me bring back to mind the examination of Marxism in the fourth section. There it is shown how easily a collectivist movement, especially when it is faced by the forcible-feeble resistances and suppressions of those who have hitherto enjoyed wealth and power, may degenerate into an old-fashioned class-war, become conspiratorial, dogmatic and inadaptably, and sink towards leader worship and autocracy. That apparently is what has happened in Russia in its present phase. We do not know how much of the original revolutionary spirit survives there, and a real fundamental issue in the world situation is whether we are to follow in the footsteps of Russia or whether we are going to pull ourselves

together, face the stern logic of necessity and produce a Western Revolution, which will benefit by the Russian experience, react upon Russia and lead ultimately to a world understanding.

What is it that the Atlantic world finds most objectionable in the Soviet world of to-day? Is it any disapproval of collectivism as such? Only in the case of a dwindling minority of rich and successful men—and very rarely of the sons of such people. Very few capable men under fifty nowadays remain individualists in political and social matters. They are not even fundamentally anti-Communist. Only it happens that for various reasons the political life of the community is still in the hands of unteachable old-fashioned people. What are called “democracies” suffer greatly from the rule of old men who have not kept pace with the times. The real and effective disapproval, distrust and disbelief in the soundness of the Soviet system lies not in the out-of-date individualism of these elderly types, but in the conviction that it can never achieve efficiency or even maintain its honest ideal of each for all and all for each, unless it has free speech and an insistence upon legally-defined freedoms for the individual within the collectivist framework. We do not deplore the Russian Revolution as a Revolution. We complain that it is not a good enough Revolution and we want a better one.

The more highly things are collectivized the more necessary is a legal system embodying the Rights of Man. This has been forgotten under the Soviets, and so men go in fear there of arbitrary police action. But the more functions your government controls the more need there is for protective law. The objection to Soviet collectivism is that, lacking the antiseptic of legally assured personal freedom, it will not keep. It professes to be fundamentally a common economic system based on class-war ideas; the industrial director is under the heel of the Party commissar; the political police have got altogether out of hand; and affairs gravitate inevitably towards an oligarchy or an autocracy protecting its incapacity by the repression of adverse comment.

But these valid criticisms merely indicate the sort of collectivization that has to be avoided. It does not dispose of collectivism as such. If we in our turn do not wish to be

submerged by the wave of Bolshevization that is evidently advancing from the East, we must implement all these valid objections and create a collectivization that will be more efficient, more prosperous, tolerant, free and rapidly progressive than the system we condemn. We, who do not like the Stalinized-Marxist state, have, as they used to say in British politics, to "dish" it by going one better. We have to confront Eastern-spirited collectivism with Western-spirited collectivism.

Perhaps this may be better put. We may be giving way to a sub-conscious conceit here and assuming that the West is always going to be thinking more freely and clearly and working more efficiently than the East. It is like that now but it may not always be like that. Every country has had its phases of illumination and its phases of blindness. Stalin and Stalinism are neither the beginning nor the end of the collectivization of Russia.

We are dealing with something still almost impossible to estimate, the extent to which the new Russian patriotism and the new Stalin-worship, have effaced and how far they have merely masked, the genuinely creative international communism of the revolutionary years. The Russian mind is not a docile mind, and most of the literature available for a young man to read in Russia, we must remember, is still revolutionary. There has been no burning of the books there. The Moscow radio talks for internal consumption since the Hitler-Stalin understanding betray a great solicitude on the part of the government to make it clear that there has been no sacrifice of revolutionary principle. That witnesses to the vitality of public opinion in Russia. The clash between the teachings of 1920 and 1940 may have a liberating effect on many people's minds. Russians love to talk about ideas. Under the Czar they talked. It is incredible that they do not talk under Stalin.

That question whether collectivization is to be "Westernized" or "Easternized", using these words under the caveat of the previous paragraph, is really the first issue before the world to-day. We need a fully ventilated Revolution. Our Revolution has to go on in the light and air. We may have to accept sovietization *à la Russe* quite soon unless we can produce a better collectivization. But if we produce a better

collectivization it is more probable than not that the Russian system will incorporate our improvements, forget its reviving nationalism again, debunk Marx and Stalin, so far as they can be debunked, and merge into the one world state.

Between these primary antagonists, between Revolution with its eyes open and Revolution with a mask and a gag, there will certainly be complications of the issue due to patriotism and bigotry and the unteachable wilful blindness of those who do not want to see. Most people lie a lot to themselves before they lie to other people, and it is hopeless to expect that all the warring cults and traditions that confuse the mind of the race to-day are going to fuse under a realization of the imperative nature of the human situation as I have stated it here. Multitudes will never realize it. Few human beings are able to change their primary ideas after the middle thirties. They get fixed in them and drive before them no more intelligently than animals drive before their innate impulses. They will die rather than change their second selves.

One of the most entangling of these disconcerting secondary issues is that created by the stupid and persistent intrigues of the Roman Catholic Church — .

Let me be clear here. I am speaking of the Vatican and of its sustained attempts to exercise a directive *rôle* in secular life. I number among my friends many Roman Catholics who have built the most charming personalities and behaviour systems on the framework provided them by their faith. One of the loveliest characters I have ever known was G. K. Chesterton. But I think he was just as fine before he became a Catholic as afterwards. Still he found something he needed in Catholicism. There are saints of all creeds and of none, so good are the better possibilities of human nature. Religious observances provide a frame that many find indispensable for the seemly ordering of their lives. And outside the ranks of "strict" observers many good people with hardly more theology than a Unitarian love to speak of goodness and kindness as Christianity. So-and-so is a "good Christian". Voltaire, says Alfred Noyes, the Catholic writer, was a "good Christian". I do not use the word "Christianity" in that sense because I do not believe that Christians have any monopoly of goodness. When I write of

Christianity, I mean Christianity with a definite creed and militant organization and not these good kind people, good and kind but not very fastidious about the exact use of words.

Such "good Christians" can be almost as bitterly critical as I am of the continual pressure upon the faithful by that inner group of Italians in Rome, subsidized by the Fascist government, who pull the strings of Church policy throughout the world, so as to do this or that tortuous or uncivilized thing, to cripple education, to persecute unorthodox ways of living.

It is to the influence of the Church that we must ascribe the foolish support by the British Foreign Office of Franco, that murderous little "Christian gentleman", in his overthrow of the staggering liberal renaissance of Spain. It is the Roman Catholic influence the British and French have to thank, for the fantastic blundering that involved them in the defence of the impossible Polish state and its unrighteous acquisitions; it affected British policy in respect to Austria and Czechoslovakia profoundly, and now it is doing its utmost to maintain and develop a political estrangement between Russia and the Western world by its prejudiced exacerbation of the idea that Russia is "anti-God" while we Westerners are little children of the light, gallantly fighting on the side of the Cross, Omnipotence, Greater Poland, national sovereignty, the small uneconomic prolific farmer and shopkeeper and anything else you like to imagine constitutes "Christendom".

The Vatican strives perpetually to develop the present war into a religious war. It is trying to steal the war. By all the circumstances of its training it is unteachable. It knows no better. It will go on—until some economic revolution robs it of its funds. Then as a political influence it may evaporate very rapidly. The Anglican Church and many other Protestant sects, the wealthy Baptists, for example, follow suit.

Is it not only in British affairs that this propaganda goes on. With the onset of war France becomes militant and Catholic. It has suppressed the Communist Party, as a gesture of resentment against Russia and a precaution against post-war collectivization. The Belgian caricaturist Raemaekers is now presenting Hitler day after day as a pitiful weakling already disposed of and worthy of our sympathy, while Stalin is

represented as a frightful giant with horn and a tail. Yet both France and Britain are at peace with Russia and have every reason to come to a working understanding with that country. The attitude of Russia to the war has on the whole been cold, contemptuous and reasonable.

It is not as if these devious schemes can take us somewhere ; it is not that this restoration of the Holy Roman Empire is a possibility. You confront these Catholic politicians, just as you confront the politicians of Westminster, with these two cardinal facts, the abolition of distance and the change of scale. In vain. You cannot get any realization of the significance of these things into those idea-proofed skulls. They are deaf to it, blind to it. They cannot see that it makes any difference at all to their long-established mental habits. If their minds waver for a moment they utter little magic prayers to exercise the gleam.

What, they ask, has "*mere size*" to do with the soul of man, "*mere speed, mere power*?" What can the young do better than subdue their natural urgency to live and do? What has *mere life* to do with the religious outlook? The war, these Vatican propagandists insist, is a "crusade" against modernism, against socialism and free thought, the restoration of priestly authority is its end ; our sons are fighting to enable the priest to thrust his pious uncleanness once again between reader and book, child and knowledge, husband and wife, sons and lovers. While honest men are fighting now to put an end to military aggression, to resume indeed that "war to end war" that was aborted to give us the League of Nations, these bigots are sedulously perverting the issue, trying to represent it as a religious war against Russia in particular and the modern spirit in general.

The well-trained Moslem, the American fundamentalist, the orthodox Jew, all the fixed cultures, produce similar irrelevant and wasteful resistances, but the Catholic organization reaches further and is more persistent. It is frankly opposed to human effort and the idea of progress. It makes no pretence about it.

Such cross-activities as these complicate, delay and may even sabotage effectively every effort to solve the problem of a

lucid collectivization of the world's affairs, but they do not alter the essential fact that it is only through a rationalization and coalescence of constructive revolutionary movements everywhere and a liberal triumph over the dogmatism of the class war, that we can hope to emerge from the present wreckage of our world.

FEDERATION.

Let us now take up certain vaguely constructive proposals which seem at present to be very much in people's minds. They find their cardinal expression in a book called *Union Now* by Mr. Clarence K. Streit, which has launched the magic word "Federation" upon the world. The "democracies" of the world are to get together upon a sort of enlargement of the Federal Constitution of the United States (which produced one of the bloodiest civil wars in all history) and then all will be well with us.

Let us consider whether this word "Federation" is of any value in organizing the Western Revolution. I would suggest it is. I think it may be a means of mental release for many people who would otherwise have remained dully resistant to any sort of change.

This Federation project has an air of reasonableness. It is attractive to a number of influential people who wish with the minimum of adaptation to remain influential in a changing world, and particularly is it attractive to what I may call the liberal-conservative elements of the prosperous classes in America and Great Britain and the Oslo countries, because it puts the most difficult aspect of the problem, the need for a collective socialization, so completely in the background that it can be ignored. This enables them to take quite a bright and hopeful view of the future without any serious hindrance to their present preoccupations.

They think that Federation, reasonably defined, may suspend the possibility of war for a considerable period and so lighten the burden of taxation that the present crushing demands on them will relax and they will be able to resume, on a slightly more economical scale perhaps, their former way of living.

Everything that gives them hope and self respect and preserves their homes from the worst indignities of panic, appeasement, treason-hunting and the rest of it, is to be encouraged, and meanwhile their sons will have time to think and it may be possible so to search, ransack and rationalize the Streit project as to make a genuine and workable scheme for the socialization of the world.

In *The Fate of Homo sapiens* I examined the word "democracy" with some care, since it already seemed likely that great quantities of our young men were to be asked to cripple and risk their lives for its sake. I showed that it was still a very incompletely realized aspiration, that its complete development involved socialism and a level of education and information, attained as yet by no community in the world. Mr. Streit gives a looser, more rhetorical statement—a more idealistic statement, shall we say?—of his conception of democracy, the sort of statement that would be considered wildly exaggerated even if it was war propaganda, and though unhappily it is remote from any achieved reality, he proceeds without further enquiry as if it were a description of existing realities in what he calls the "democracies" of the world. In them he imagines he finds "government of the people, by the people, for the people".

In the book I have already cited I discuss *What is Democracy?* and *Where is Democracy?* I do my best there to bring Mr. Streit down to the harsh and difficult facts of the case. I will go now a little more into particulars in my examination of his project.

His "founder democracies" are to be: "The American Union, the British Commonwealth (specifically the United Kingdom, the Federal Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Ireland), the French Republic, Belgium, the Netherlands, the Swiss Confederation, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland."

Scarcely one of these, as I have shown in that former book, is really a fully working democracy. And the Union of South Africa is a particularly bad and dangerous case of race tyranny. Ireland is an incipient religious war and not one country but two. Poland, I note, does not come into Mr. Streit's list of democracies

at all. His book was written in 1938 when Poland was a totalitarian country holding, in defiance of the League of Nations, Vilna, which it had taken from Lithuania, large areas of non-Polish country it had *conquered* from Russia, and fragments gained by the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. It only became a democracy, even technically and for a brief period, before its collapse in September 1939, when Mr. Chamberlain was so foolish as to drag the British Empire into a costly and perilous war, on its behalf. But that is by the way. None of these fifteen (or ten) "founder democracies" are really democracies at all. So we start badly. But they might be made socialist democracies and their federation might be made something very real indeed—at a price. The U.S.S.R. is a federated socialist system, which has shown a fairly successful political solidarity during the past two decades, whatever else it has done or failed to do.

Now let us help Mr. Streit to convert his "federation" from a noble but extremely rhetorical aspiration into a living reality. He is aware that this must be done at a price, but I want to suggest that that price is, from what I judge to be his point of view, far greater, and the change much simpler, more general and possibly even closer at hand, than he supposes. He is disposed to appeal to existing administrative organizations, and it is questionable whether they are the right people to execute his designs. One of the difficulties he glosses over is the possible reluctance of the India Office to hand over the control of India (Ceylon and Burma he does not mention) to the new Federal Government, which would also I presume take charge of the fairly well governed and happy fifty-odd million people of the Dutch East Indies, the French colonial empire, the West Indies and so on. This, unless he proposes merely to re-christen the India Office, etc., is asking for an immense outbreak of honesty and competence on the part of the new Federal officialdom. It is also treating the possible contribution of these five or six hundred million of dusky peoples to the new order with a levity inconsistent with democratic ideals.

Quite a lot of these people have brains which are as good or better than normal European brains. You could educate the whole world to the not very exalted level of a Cambridge

graduate in a single lifetime, if you had schools, colleges, apparatus and teachers enough. The radio, the cinema, the gramophone, the improvements in both production and distribution, have made it possible to increase the range and effectiveness of a gifted teacher a thousandfold. We have seen intensive war preparations galore, but no one has dreamt yet of an intensive educational effort. None of us really likes to see other people being educated. They may be getting an advantage over our privileged selves. Suppose we overcome that primitive jealousy. Suppose we speed up—as we are now physically able to do—the education and enfranchisement of these huge undeveloped reservoirs of human capacity. Suppose we tack that on to the *Union Now* idea. Suppose we stipulate that Federation, wherever it extends, means a New and Powerful Education. In Bengal, in Java, in the Congo Free State, quite as much as in Tennessee or Georgia or Scotland or Ireland. Suppose we think a little less about “gradual enfranchisement” by votes and experiments in local autonomy and all those old ideas, and a little more about the enfranchisement of the mind. Suppose we drop that old cant about politically immature peoples.

That is one direction in which Mr. Streit’s proposals are open to improvement. Let us turn to another in which he does not seem to have realized all the implications of his proposal. This great Union is to have a union money and a union customs-free economy. What follows upon that? More I think than he realizes.

There is one aspect of money to which the majority of those that discuss it seem to be incurably blind. You cannot have a theory of money or any plan about money by itself in the air. Money is not a thing in itself; it is a working part of an economic system. Money varies in its nature with the laws and ideas of property in a community. As a community moves towards collectivism and communism, for example, money simplifies out. Money is as necessary in a communism as it is in any other system, but its function therein is at its simplest. Payment in kind to the worker gives him no freedom of choice among the goods the community produces. Money does. Money becomes the incentive that “works the worker” and nothing more.

But directly you allow individuals not only to obtain goods for consumption, but also to obtain credit to procure material for types of production outside the staple productions of the state, the question of credit and debt arises and money becomes more complicated. With every liberation of this or that product or service from collective control to business or experimental exploitation, the play of the money system enlarges and the laws regulating what you may do with your money, what interest you may take for it, the company laws, bankruptcy laws and so forth increase. In any highly developed collective system the administration will certainly have to give credits for hopeful experimental enterprises. When the system is not a collectivism, monetary operations for gain are bound to creep in and become more and more complicated. Where most of the substantial side of life is entrusted to unco-ordinated private enterprise, the intricacy of the money apparatus increases enormously. Monetary manipulation becomes a greater and greater factor in the competitive struggle, not only between individuals and firms, but between states. As Mr. Streit himself shows, in an excellent discussion of the abandonment of the gold standard, inflation and deflation becomes devices in international competition. Money becomes strategic, just as pipe lines and railways can become strategic.

This being so it is plain that for the Federal Union a common money means an identical economic life throughout the Union. And this too is implied also in Mr. Streit's "customs-free" economy. It is impossible to have a common money when a dollar or a pound or whatever it is, can buy this, that or the other advantage in one state and is debarred from anything but bare purchases for consumption in another. So that this Federal Union is bound to be a uniform economic system. There can be only very slight variations in the control of economic life.

In the preceding sections the implacable forces that make for the collectivization of the world or disaster, have been exposed. It follows that "Federation" means practically uniform socialism within the Federal limits, leading, as state after state is incorporated, to world socialism. There manifestly we carry Mr. Streit farther than he realizes he goes—as yet.

For it is fairly evident that he is under the impression that a large measure of independent private business is to go on throughout the Union. I doubt if he imagines it is necessary to go beyond the partial socialization already achieved by the New Deal. But we have assembled evidence to show that the profit scramble, the wild days of uncorrelated "business" are over for ever.

And again though he realizes and states very clearly that governments are made for man and not man for governments, though he applauds the great declarations of the Convention that created the American Constitution, wherein "we the people of the United States" overrode the haggling of the separate states and established the American Federal Constitution, nevertheless he is curiously chary of superseding any existing legal governments in the present world. He is chary of talking of "We the people of the world". But many of us are coming to realize that *all* existing governments have to go into the melting pot, we believe that it is a world revolution which is upon us, and that in the great struggle to evoke a Westernized World Socialism, contemporary governments may vanish like straw hats in the rapids of Niagara. Mr. Streit, however, becomes extraordinarily legal-minded at this stage. I do not think that he realizes the forces of destruction that are gathering and so I think he hesitates to plan a reconstruction upon anything like the scale that may become possible.

He evades even the obvious necessity that under a Federal Government the monarchies of Great Britain, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Holland, if they survive at all, must become like the mediatized sovereigns of the component states of the former German Empire, mere ceremonial vestiges. Perhaps he thinks that, but he does not say it outright. I do not know if he has pondered the New York World Fair of 1939 nor the significance of the Royal Visit to America in that year, and thought how much there is in the British system that would have to be abandoned if his Federation is to become a reality. In most of the implications of the word, it must cease to be "British". His Illustrative Constitution is achieved with an altogether forensic disregard of the fundamental changes in human

conditions to which we have to adapt ourselves or perish. He thinks of war by itself and not as an eruption due to deeper maladaptations. But if we push his earlier stipulations to their necessary completion, we need not trouble very much about that sample constitution of his, which is to adjust the balance so fairly among the constituent states. The abolition of distance must inevitably substitute functional associations and loyalties for local attributions, if human society does not break up altogether. The local divisions will melt into a world collectivity and the main conflicts in a progressively unifying Federation are much more likely to be those between different world-wide types and associations of workers.

So far with *Union Now*. One of Mr. Streit's outstanding merits is that he had had the courage to make definite proposals on which we can bite. I doubt if a European could have produced any such book. Its naïve political legalism, its idea of salvation by constitution, and its manifest faith in the magic beneficence of private enterprise, are distinctly in the vein of an American, almost a pre-New Deal American, who has become, if anything, more American, through his experiences of the deepening disorder of Europe. So many Americans still look on at world affairs like spectators at a ball game who are capable of vociferous partisanship but still have no real sense of participation; they do not realize that the ground is moving under their seats also and that the social revolution is breaking surface to engulf them in their turn. To most of us—to most of us over forty at any rate—the idea of a fundamental change in our way of life is so unpalatable that we resist it to the last moment.

Mr. Streit betrays at times as vivid a sense of advancing social collapse as I have, but it has still to occur to him that that collapse may be conclusive. There may be dark ages, a relapse into barbarism, but somewhen and somehow he thinks man *must* recover. George Bernard Shaw has recently been saying the same thing.

It may be worse than that.

I have given Mr. Streit scarcely a word of praise, because that would be beside the mark here. He wrote his book sincerely as a genuine contribution to the unsystematic world

conference that is now going on, admitting the possibility of error, demanding criticism, and I have dealt with it in that spirit.

Unfortunately his word has gone much further than his book. His book says definite things and even when one disagrees with it, it is good as a point of departure. But a number of people have caught up this word "Federation", and our minds are distracted by a multitude of appeals to support Federal projects with the most various content or with no content at all.

All the scores and hundreds of thousands of nice people who were signing peace pledges and so forth a few years ago, without the slightest attempt in the world to understand what they meant by peace, are now echoing this new magic word with as little conception of any content for it. They did not realize that peace means so complicated and difficult an ordering and balancing of human society that it has never been sustained since man became man, and that we have wars and preparatory interludes between wars because that is a much simpler and easier sequence for our wilful, muddle-headed, suspicious and aggressive species. These people still think we can get this new and wonderful state of affairs just by clamouring for it.

And having failed to get peace by saying "Peace" over and over again, they are now with an immense sense of discovery saying "Federation". What must happen to men in conspicuous public positions I do not know, but even an irresponsible literary man like myself finds himself inundated with innumerable lengthy private letters, hysterical postcards, pamphlets from budding organizations, "declarations" to sign, demands for subscriptions, all in the name of the new panacea, all as vain and unproductive as the bleating of lost sheep. And I cannot open a newspaper without finding some eminent contemporary writing a letter to it, saying gently, firmly and bravely, the same word, sometimes with bits of *Union Now* tacked on to it, and sometimes with minor improvements, but often with nothing more than the bare idea.

All sorts of idealistic movements for world peace which have been talking quietly to themselves for years and years

have been stirred up to follow the new banner. Long before the Great War there was a book by Sir Max Waechter, a friend of King Edward the Seventh, advocating the United States of Europe, and that inexact but flattering parallelism to the United States of America has recurred frequently, as a phrase thrown out by Monsieur Briand for example, and as a project put forward by an Austrian-Japanese writer, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who even devised a flag for the Union. The main objection to the idea is that there are hardly any states completely in Europe, except Switzerland, San Marino, Andorra and a few of the Versailles creations. Almost all the other European states extend far beyond the European limits both politically and in their sympathies and cultural relations. They trail with them more than half mankind. About a tenth of the British Empire is in Europe and still less of the Dutch Empire ; Russia, Turkey, France, are less European than not ; Spain and Portugal have their closest links with South America.

Few Europeans think of themselves as " Europeans ". I, for example, am English, and a large part of my interests, intellectual and material, are Transatlantic. I dislike calling myself " British " and I like to think of myself as a member of a great English-speaking community, which spreads irrespective of race and colour round and about the world. I am annoyed when an American calls me a " foreigner "—war with America would seem to me just as insane as war with Cornwall—and I find the idea of cutting myself off from the English-speaking peoples of America and Asia to follow the flag of my Austrian Japanese friend into a federally bunched-up Europe extremely unattractive.

It would, I suggest, be far easier to create the United States of the World, which is Mr. Streit's ultimate objective, than to get together the so-called continent of Europe into any sort of unity.

I find most of these United States of Europe movements now jumping on to the Federation band-waggon.

My old friend and antagonist, Lord David Davies, for instance, has recently succumbed to the infection. He was concerned about the problem of a World Pax in the days when the League of Nations Society and other associated bodies were

amalgamated in the League of Nations Union. He was struck then by an idea, an analogy, and the experience was unique for him. He asked why individuals went about in modern communities in nearly perfect security from assault and robbery, without any need to bear arms. His answer was the policeman. And from that he went on to the question of what was needed for states and nations to go their ways with the same blissful immunity from violence and plunder, and it seemed to him a complete and reasonable answer to say "an international policeman". And there you were! He did not see, he is probably quite incapable of seeing, that a state is something quite different in its nature and behaviour from an individual human being. When he was asked to explain how that international policeman was to be created and sustained, he just went on saying "international policeman". He has been saying it for years. Sometimes it seems it is to be the League of Nations, sometimes the British Empire, sometimes an international Air Force, which is to undertake this grave responsibility. The bench before which the policeman is to hale the offender and the position of the lock-up are not indicated. Finding our criticisms uncongenial, his lordship went off with his great idea, like a penguin which has found an egg, to incubate it alone. I hope he will be spared to say "international policeman" for many years to come, but I do not believe he has ever perceived or ever will perceive that, brilliant as his one inspiration was, it still left vast areas of the problem in darkness. Being a man of considerable means, he has been able to sustain a "New Commonwealth" movement and publish books and a periodical in which his one great idea is elaborated rather than developed.

But I will not deal further with the very incoherent multitude that now echoes this word "Federation". Many among them will cease to celebrate further and fall by the wayside, but many will go on thinking, and if they go on thinking they will come to perceive more and more clearly the realities of the case. Federation, they will feel, is not enough.

So much for the present "Federalist" front. As a fundamental basis of action, as a declared end, it seems hopelessly vague and confused and, if one may coin a phrase, hopelessly

optimistic. But since the concept seems to be the way to release a number of minds from belief in the sufficiency of a League of Nations, associated or not associated with British Imperialism, it has been worth while to consider how it can be amplified and turned in the direction of that full and open-eyed world-wide collectivization which a study of existing conditions obliges us to believe is the only alternative to the complete dégringolade of our species.

(To be continued)

The first instalment of Mr. H. G. Wells's work appeared in the November issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

I.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

UP to the time of writing the war remains stagnant. Whether Hitler's open threats to Britain, and the threat to the Low Countries implied by troop movements, will be carried into execution before this number of the *FORTNIGHTLY* is published, remains to be seen. Who in Germany is urging immediate action, and who is advocating delay till next spring, is still a matter of speculation. Hitler himself, to judge by his utterances, seemed to favour an immediate attack on Britain, and his attempts to detach France from the alliance indicated that he was thinking in terms of air and submarine warfare. We may suppose, however, that his air and naval advisers have pointed out that such operations might be devastatingly costly and have little chance of success unless bases for fighter aircraft and submarines were secured in Holland and Belgium. His Army chiefs, on the other hand, can hardly contemplate with equanimity a winter campaign, even of limited scope in countries where the nature of the soil and inundations would place many restrictions on mechanized forces, and expose non-mechanized troops to casualties on a scale impossible to estimate, and to hardships of all sorts. Such a campaign would be a poor preparation for major land operations next year. It is, however, conceivable that the Army chiefs, realizing the effects of the British blockade and the growing strength of the Allied forces, may prefer a major winter offensive with combined land and air forces to postponement. That it would be a desperate gamble they must know, but it might seem less dangerous than the prospect of having to meet the full strength of the Allies in the spring with weakened German forces. If the Army chiefs were assured of the stability of the economic

and internal condition in Germany there can be little doubt that they would vote for a winter of inaction and preparation. If Hitler can give such an assurance it is possible that his threats are merely a manœuvre in the war of nerves designed to stimulate the resistance of the Low Countries to British blockade restrictions. That there is hesitancy in reaching decision as to which of the various alternatives should be adopted we may safely assume, and controversy may be acute.

That Holland and Belgium would fight to defend their neutrality whether one only or both were attacked, we may be certain, and neither would be an easy prey now that they have had full warning of their danger. It is true that portions of both countries might be overrun without much difficulty, but those portions would be of little strategic value to Germany. Unless she could reach the sea, what she gained would in no way balance the odium she would incur.

If Holland alone were attacked and Belgium elected to remain neutral it might seem that so small a state could not put up prolonged resistance. The Dutch, however, are a stubborn folk and the inundations which protect the heart of the country though not impassable, are a formidable obstacle, and the Dutch army is sufficiently numerous to cover the front of vital attack.

Not long ago there were those who maintained that, owing to the long range of bombing aircraft, the security and neutrality of the Low Countries is not now of strategic interest to this country. The developments of the last month prove that both in the interests of sea traffic and of the security of this country from air attack they concern us as much or more than ever.

Last month I commented on the effect the Polish campaign might have on Germany's future prospects in the war. Since then reliable reports tend to show how high a price Germany may have to pay for her victory. One perhaps need not give too much credence to reports from neutral countries that inside information places German losses in men and machines at a much higher figure than Hitler admitted. A figure which it was said came as an unpleasant shock to the German Army chiefs. The report that the consumption of petrol during the operation had far exceeded expectations and had dangerously reduced reserves is perhaps more important and more likely to be true.

It is reliably estimated that in the campaign the Germans were using, and using very actively some 4,500 armoured vehicles and 2,500 aircraft. Add to that the immense number of unarmoured motor vehicles required to maintain supplies of food and munitions for something like one and a half million men and one can realize that the amount of petrol expended must have been enormous, even in the few weeks of the war. The Polish railways can have contributed little to keeping down the petrol requirements of transport vehicles, for we have learnt from German official sources that some 600 railway bridges and many miles of track were destroyed by the Poles. That would mean that maintenance services over long distances must have depended on motor transport. Further confirmation of the belief that the Germans are already forced to economize petrol is afforded by the fact that the whole of the transfer of the armies, including mechanized formations, from East to West, was carried out by rail, in spite of magnificent motor roads being available. It may be of course that it was thought advisable not to run vehicles that had been doing strenuous work until an opportunity occurred for their thorough overhaul.

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Those who are interested in the German Army will do well to read the account of it given by Dr. Rosinski in his book "The German Army."*

Dr. Rosinski is a refugee in England but he retains his admiration for the German Army. His book planned and written before the outbreak of the war, is a history of the German military machine from the time of Frederick the Great down to the beginning of the present year. The whole is very interesting as throwing light on the mentality and traditions of the German Army, but it is the later chapters dealing with the period since the Great War which specially concern us.

The 100,000 picked officers and men which after the Kapp Putsch General Von Seeckt shaped into the Reichswehr of the Weimar Republic, formed probably one of the finest and most highly trained body of troops, within the limitation of their armament, that ever was organized. By force of circumstance it was mainly an infantry force, and it is possible that it

*The German Army, by Herbert Rosinski. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

elaborated infantry training to a point which may confuse the German conscript army of to-day, led as it is in large part by N.C.O.s of little experience and with many officers of inferior quality.

In Von Seeckt's Reichswehr the officers were drawn mainly from the traditional officer producing classes, and they kept aloof from party politics till they thought they had found in Hitler one who would support their rearmament schemes. The author shows us how the Reichswehr lost the controlling influence it had exercised over rival political bodies and by degrees passed under the domination of the man they had allowed and even helped into power. Whether the army will regain control in war, or whether its strategy will be dictated by the political leader, is the final question he discusses.

Throughout the XIXth century, although it was accepted that war was the continuation of policy, yet the "act of war" was purely a military affair. To-day there are two schools of thought. The General Staff visualizes a war of little mobility, a prolonged struggle fought out till one side collapses. Nazi circles, which include certain of the high army commanders, on the other hand, pin their faith on a lightning war. The military act in this case is only one, and perhaps a subsidiary, factor, in the strategy which is a mixture of "propaganda, diplomacy, economic and military pressure", designed to weaken the enemy to a condition of unpreparedness or point of collapse before the blow is struck. The aim is to achieve victory by stealth, avoiding a fair trial of strength. This strategy would entail political direction leaving only the execution of the final blow in military hands.

The Polish campaign gives an example of the application of this doctrine, but one can well believe that the General Staff doubts whether it would be applicable in Western Europe. The existence of the two schools of thought may account for the conflict of opinion and hesitation that appears to exist in the German camp. At the same time whichever theory is put into operation we must count on the German Army playing its part with skill and determination.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

THE expectations that a very vigorous "Cruiser" warfare would be set in motion immediately on the outbreak of war has been fulfilled in part only. The submarines, despatched before the outbreak of war, began their "Cruiser warfare" at once, but other types of vessel—the "cruiser" and the armed merchant vessel—made no instant appearance on the outer oceans. Now, however, we see that one, or probably two, of the so-called "pocket-battleships" (more correctly they should be called armoured cruisers) are out in either the Atlantic or Pacific, or both. It was to be assumed that, if these or other cruising-type ships attempted to get out of the North Sea, they would succeed in doing so, as their predecessors, the armed raiders of the last war succeeded; and that we should hear nothing of them until their depredations began. Reports of their movements are, naturally, lacking. One appears to have scored a success by the capture of the *Clement*, but where this occurred has not been made public, though there are indications that it was in the region of Pernambuco, the happy hunting ground of the *Karlsruhe* in the last war. There she captured some 76,600 tons of shipping. Her end came from an internal explosion during November, 1914. It is too soon, as Mr. Churchill very properly observed in his speech of November 8, to estimate what injuries these "Deutschlands" may inflict on our shipping. For the moment all one may say is that it is surprising that so little should have been done, so far as is known, until now.

The convoy system has been organized during these two months—a very remarkable performance, though the organization is not yet complete. Beyond all doubt it restricted the submarines' careers of destruction. It is of interest, at this phase of the war, to note the figures of shipping losses during the first period of the cruiser warfare in 1914 and compare these with those up to date. Though the cruiser menace was ended

with the destruction of Von Spee's Squadron off the Falklands on December 8, 1914, four months after the outbreak of war, the *Dresden* was still at large, hunted and harmless, for sometime, and the last raider of that period an armed merchant ship, crept into a United States port on April 4, 1915, short of coal and provisions, foul-bottomed and in need of repairs. In these eight months in which they were effective, the German cruisers had caused losses of cargo and shipping estimated altogether at £6,691,000. In the same period the Imports and Exports of the United Kingdom amounted to £77½ Million. If to this (says Sir Julian Corbett*) we add the value of the tonnage employed, the total value risked at sea was not far short of £1,000 million, so that the percentage of damage was not more than two thirds of one per cent." Mr. Churchill, giving the figures for the eight weeks of war up to November 8, stated the similar percentage of losses during that period was one third of one per cent. While the proportions are nearly the same in the two periods we have to realize that the cruiser warfare has not yet assumed its possible dimensions.

The traditional factors and principles in convoy work run on these lines. The areas in which an attacker, whether a fleet, squadron or a single ship, will desire to operate are those in which the trade is forced to concentrate in consequence of geographical conditions. Such areas are the approaches to important ports, narrow waters through which it must pass (e.g., the Straits of Gibraltar, the Channel, the Malta Channels) or coastal tracks. Thus it was in areas of this character that the captain of the *Emden* was intending to act if he had not met his fate at the Cocos Islands. He would have made, he says, for Socotra, cruised in the Gulf of Aden and followed along the steamer track between Aden and Bombay.

It has therefore been the custom to escort the convoys of merchant vessels, while passing through at least the more important of these areas, with forces calculated to be capable of dealing with any reasonable or probable strength of attacking force. When, for example, the Brest fleet threatened the Soundings, and blockading it effectively in port was not deemed practicable, the danger zone lay in the Channel approaches and

*Maritime Operations, vol II, p. 257.

stretched, normally, some three hundred miles to seaward. The Convoys were therefore shepherded through this zone of the Channel Fleet and, when clear, would proceed across the Atlantic under a small escort, sufficient to deal with an individual raider ; for the danger in the open sea was regarded as comparatively slight although occasions arose when this confidence proved misplaced. On the approach to their oversea destinations where their might be strong bodies of enemy force the Convoys would be met by the squadron, or part of the squadron, stationed in those seas. Miscalculations of the extent of the danger zone might occur. It was due to an underestimate of the distance to which the Brest fleet might range that the great disaster of the Smyrna Convoy occurred.

Those principles, adapted to the changed conditions, were applied in the late war. The same area was the principal danger zone, but the threat, in 1914 as in 1939, was not from a battleship fleet but from submarines. The extent of the zone tends to widen, as the defence becomes increasingly effective, and counter attack by the escort renders the risk to the attacker considerable (for defence does not mean merely defending but, and more importantly, destroying the attacker) she goes further afield—we see her recently operating some 400 or more miles to the westward of Spain. Hence there is a constant need to extend the protection to a greater distance before detaching the guard ; and this calls, in short, for a greater number of escorting vessels. It is a misfortune that recent Governments failed to understand these principles and imposed limitations upon the building programmes of cruising vessels and craft.

“Cruising” is a method largely used in the past and to a lesser extent in the late war. It consists of stationing vessels to patrol (as a policeman patrols his beat) those local areas referred to, so that if a raider enters them he risks being brought to action. Such cruising craft may be of any type. The essential thing is that they should be capable of threatening the existence of, and of damaging, the intruder. All are, properly, “cruisers”, whether classed as battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines or aircraft. Thus the possibility that submarines may be lurking in an area is a double inconvenience to an intending visitor ; he risks being injured and because of the

risk cannot cruise in a leisurely manner, saving his fuel: he can therefore remain at sea for a shorter time and the problem of refuelling becomes more acute.

The deprivation of oversea bases and of the means of resting, supplying and repairing the commerce attacker is the third principal measure of defence. In the last war one of the initial main objects of the expeditions sent to the enemy's colonies was to take away those advantages. To-day, he has no such positions. He may use neutral ports, but for twenty-four hours only; and if he does, his position is disclosed. Nevertheless, there are many remote and unpeopled anchorages in various parts where shelter may be found and whither supply ships may be sent from neutral ports or from home. To intercept these ships is a measure of the first importance. Some successes have been reported but it is not to be supposed that it is an easy task; the sea is wide and there are many potential supply ships.

In addition to these active measures there is the self-defence of the merchant ship herself. Though this had been employed by all countries (including the Hanse) for centuries without question, the German authorities in 1913 with great effrontery challenged its legality and propriety. Dr. Georg Schramm of the German Admiralty advanced the wholly novel doctrine that such self defence had no legal foundation.* His flimsy arguments were effectively answered both in the legal and historical aspects. The pretension that a parallel could be drawn between such ships and *francs-tireurs* in land warfare were shown to be specious by Professor Oppenheim. Nevertheless that claim has again been made as a justification for sinking any merchant ship without warning. But a number of merchant men have been armed during these two months and some have already given a good account of themselves.

Though I have used the term "cruiser warfare" in the particular sense of attack and protection of shipping there is also another aspect of cruiser activity which absorbs the attention of numerous cruisers. The old interpretation of the word "cruiser" embraced all vessels employed on cruising services, from line of battleships to brigs and cutters. To-day the word

*Armed Merchant Ships, by Dr. A. Pearce Higgins. 1914.

should be similarly interpreted. We should regard as the cruising forces all vessels so employed—the battle-cruiser, the heavy and light cruiser, the destroyer, submarine and aircraft. It is in the intelligent and imaginative co-ordination of effort with all of these that effective action in controlling the seas is to be achieved : which, indeed, is no more than saying that the military doctrine of liaison of arms is as essential in sea warfare as in land warfare. It is no less proper to include in “cruiser warfare” all these operations in which squadrons composed of all these types are engaged in such areas as the North Sea, where the bulk of the force of the enemy, in all its corresponding variety, is to be found. It is opportune that an account of cruiser operations has recently appeared*, for therein the reader will be reminded of the character of cruiser work, its importance and its difficulties. Mr. Bywater has written an excellent series of accounts of cruiser fights. Thus a cruiser force composed of cruisers in the fourfold form of battle-cruisers, cruisers, destroyer and submarine strikes one of the early blows in the Heligoland Bight. A cruiser squadron or armoured and light cruisers, escorting an Australian Convoy, gets contact with the *Emden* and brings her to destruction. The *Königsberg* is tracked down and destroyed, but the *Karlsruhe*, though sought for is never found. Two armed merchant cruisers, *Carmaine* and *Cap Trafalgar*, fight a battle to the death, a cruiser force of battle-armoured and light cruisers reverses the defeat of Coronel off the Falklands; and, at Jutland, the cruisers of all those types bear the brunt and suffer the losses. Mr. Bywater's book can be strongly recommended to all who wish to know something of the nature of the cruiser and her work.

*Cruisers in Battle, by Hector Bywater. Constable. 10s.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

ENOUGH has happened in the air by now to enable us to draw a few conclusions on the subject of the battle above and the effect of a military stalemate on Nazi air strategy. They must be of a tentative nature only, for air warfare is a leap-frog process during which the production of new aircraft types bears directly on tactical development, the two together unexpectedly reversing situations in mid-air, so to speak.

There is little doubt, for instance, that the latest type of fighter has the requisite superiority over the bomber whenever it can bring its overweight of armament to bear. It follows, therefore, that air-raiding over the British Isles, by night as well as day, must suffer great restriction, or be attended by deterrent loss, unless and until the Nazi bombers can be escorted by their Messerschmitts throughout the raid. At present, however, it would seem that these same Messerschmitts are considerably outclassed by our Hurricanes and Spitfires, not to mention the French Curtisses, so that even with an escort the balance of advantage still rests with Britain as regards the outcome of sustained attack on her home front. The reverse side of this picture, in logical evaluation, is that our own bombers would be similarly handicapped when raiding far afield over Germany. But even so it does not constitute an equal handicap, for Germany and France are not divided by a strip of sea, and fighter mileage over Nazi territory will therefore count for more than fighter mileage by the enemy over Britain as and when new type development makes it possible.

The Nazi threat to obliterate the British Fleet and the main industrial areas of Great Britain is so far empty bombast, and will continue so until a change in the strategical situation below renders those objectives much more accessible to the Dorniers and Heinkels than they are at present. The desultory attempts, at Scapa Flow and in the Firth of Forth, to carry out those threats have been a miserable failure, while the approach flights

towards our East Coast further south have met invariably with disaster. In this way of late 15 heavy Nazi aircraft, flying-boats and land machines, have been brought down in combat without the loss of a single British aeroplane. Such losses over the fighting fronts might be a small, if not an inconsiderable, proportion of the total force engaged and would be taken as in the natural order of events. But these missions to our Fleet Bases and elsewhere are long and solitary flights over wastes of water by a chosen few, and severe losses thus incurred, with their waiting periods of doubt followed by the certainty of misfortune, bear heavily on the morale of a Service which has been told *ad nauseam* that the game is all their way.

Many people cannot understand the purpose of these long distance flights over the widest stretches of the North Sea when, they argue, the Thames, the Medway, and even Portsmouth Harbour, are so much easier of attainment judged by mileage out and back. A little reflection will go far to explain the matter. There is first of all the superior attraction of the target in the North, for the Home Fleet at anchor is a powerful magnet to draw the Nazi bomber overhead and the lucky hit could disable a capital ship if it found the vulnerable spot. That which we accomplished at Brunsbittel can be duplicated elsewhere. And yet the destruction of London's dockland, a perfectly legitimate objective, or serious damage to the Naval Establishments at Portsmouth, would equally repay a raid, while being easier, purely from a bombing point of view, to bring about.

The fact is that at present the long North Sea flights are by far the safest, the danger to be encountered existing only during the momentary appearance of the bombers at the thither end, with very little likelihood of interception on the homeward route. They are never near land at all until they sight the coastal indentation which marks their objective, and they are far outside of any warning area that might report them on the way. And now consider the alternatives with that, remembering well the configuration of the East Coast of England and how the hump of Norfolk protrudes into the sea. Suppose the raid were directed against the Midlands, entering, say, at the Humber for the sake of argument. Our fighter-interceptors then could

easily cut in behind from Norfolk aerodromes and, kept well informed of the raiders' path, would be in the best possible position to attack with a major prospect of success.

In the event that they should strike at London, however, or even further to the south, they would be in worse case still. Our fighter-interceptors, flying off their Norfolk aerodromes as before would bend southwards to cut them off, but they would have an easier task. For the neutral coasts of Belgium and the Netherlands would circumscribe the enemy's homeward path, and pin the raiders within that narrow compass, between Ipswich and the Hague, which is formed by the North Sea as it trends towards the Channel. On the first occasion, and possibly the second, the Nazi bombers might infringe neutrality and seek safety by flying over Holland, and part of Belgium, back to their aerodromes in north-east Germany. But they would be fired at by the anti-aircraft defences of those countries and be attacked, if time allowed, by Dutch and Belgian fighters, while the protests which such action would arouse could hardly be derided by the leaders of the Reich as long as their intention held to respect neutrality. If the Nazi bombers have already suffered serious loss while attacking Fleet objectives in the north, how much more severe would those losses be if they disturbed the hornets' nest constituted by our defences in the heart of England itself.

This weakness of the Nazi air strategy cannot be overcome until they either produce long distance fighters which can accompany their bombers all the way, or until they radically curtail the mileage to be flown. As to the former solution of the difficulty it presents a formidable problem in constructional technique that would require a long period of development to produce, for a fighter is nothing if not manœuvrable and the conflict will forever lie between heavy tankage and a light wing loading. But for the curtailment of the distance to be flown there is nothing for it except such hardening of the heart as will embolden the Nazi High Command to attempt an invasion of the Low Countries, therein to establish aerodromes from which their bombers, under escort all the way, could attain our main objectives over London and nearby.

It is easy to see, therefore, how strongly they must be tempted

to cross those frontiers, for unless they do so their air power, as applied to hated Britain on her home front, must remain in leash. As a measure of high strategy it is unanswerable, the military difficulties are not too great, and the preparation seems to be well in hand. It looked two weeks ago as if the blow were about to fall, and it may well be that it has been delivered ere this should appear in print. If not it may be withheld until the spring, or until every other expedient has been tried to obviate the necessity. But in the long run, and failing a successful penetration of the Maginot Line, it is sure to be undertaken, for desperate ills require desperate remedies and a prolonged military stalemate will inevitably bring down the Nazi power.

At the same time there are certain factors, besides the moral standpoint, which weigh somewhat against the full success which might be looked to in the case of such invasion, both strategical and economic. There is the question of Holland as a food and material provider for Germany. In spite of our blockade her great port Rotterdam is an entrepôt for distribution from which Germany cannot but derive much benefit while Holland's neutrality remains. Holland at present supplies the Reich with considerable quantities of agricultural products, a source that would be dried up if the land were devastated by war. Germany would also have on her hands the problem of feeding a conquered populace deprived of its indigenous supplies. Such factors count. Moreover, although Nazi air strategy would be advantaged to a great extent, even the situation thus created would cut both ways. For we ourselves could then send out our bombers as the crow flies to assail the Ruhr and all that industrial region lying snugly behind the frontier of Holland, the unimpaired productivity of which means so much to Germany. It is difficult to see how the deadlock will be broken without recourse to such a drastic measure, for the sea fight, on which the Nazis count so much, is going clearly against her. If Germany is finally constrained from invasion of the Low Countries, then, however long the struggle and whatever may be the ultimate point of her defeat, the battle is already won.

IN SEARCH OF ASSURED PEACE

BY THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL

THE bid for peace made in Herr Hitler's speech of October 6 was not surprising. In spite of all talk about British "warmongers", he knows well our peace-loving temper, and he must have hoped for a conference that would leave him in effect, if not in name, master of all Poland west of the Russian occupation.

And for him it was an urgent matter to secure agreement on a conference before the American Neutrality Act could be amended. Even if the conference ultimately broke down, there would always be a chance that unforeseen circumstances might cool off interest in amendment and make it difficult to carry through.

Nor is it surprising that more recently the sovereigns of Holland and Belgium, with German troops massing on their frontiers, should make a fresh offer of mediation. But what evidence has either the German Chancellor or his Foreign Minister given us of any change of heart which might lead us to hope that methods of brute force in international relations would be dropped? Until some tangible proof of this can be given, conference would be not only useless but dangerous. It is heartening to find that, in spite of controversy as to future status, the Indian Congress Press is reported as saying that it would be a betrayal bordering on treachery, for the Allies to lay down their arms while Hitler enjoys the fruits of his aggression.

Meanwhile, there is much to encourage us. The Neutrality Act has been amended, throwing open to the Allies the vast industrial resources of the United States; the U-boat menace is being steadily countered; our Air Force, including men of the Auxiliary Force, have successfully repelled all attempts so far made at raids; and our Expeditionary Force begins its campaign under very much more favourable circumstances than its

predecessor did in 1914. It has had time to take up a strong position and "dig itself in", well camouflaged. Last but not least, the *Führer* must have found scant comfort in the Comintern's recent manifesto inciting the German working classes against their rulers.

The delay, however, in launching any big offensive and the passionate desire that neutral opinion, more especially American, should fully realize for what we are fighting, have led to pressure on the Government to formulate their war aims more precisely than hitherto. They are right, I think, to limit themselves at this stage to stating them in general terms, without defining the methods by which they hope to bring them into effect. That we have no selfish or revengeful aims has been made clear in the Prime Minister's statement that we have no territorial ambitions for ourselves, that we seek no vindictive peace and that we hope for a peace settlement reached through negotiation and agreement, but that we are determined, so far as it is humanly possible, to see to it that Europe shall not again be subjected to a repetition of the tragedy of war. In view of the recent appalling revelations of brutality in German concentration camps, Lord Halifax, in his recent broadcast, has done well to add that we are fighting not only to maintain freedom and the rule of law, but "the quality of mercy in dealings between man and man and in the great society of civilized states".

But there is much discussion of "peace aims" by others, and some important facts tend to be forgotten. Many, for instance, accept at its face value Hitler's charge that the Allies broke a promise to Germany to disarm, and therefore seem to desire that at the peace there should be simultaneous disarmament of both sides. But the Treaty of Versailles contained no such promise on the part of the Allies—on the contrary, a promise on the part of Germany "strictly to observe" the clauses providing for her disarmament "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations". Everyone remembers that these clauses were repudiated by Hitler in March, 1935, but how many realize that the work of the Allied Commission appointed in 1919 to control German disarmament had been brought to an end by the Treaty of Locarno in 1925, and *before it had been completed*?

Yet Mr. J. H. Morgan, K.C., a senior member of the Commission, in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1924, had told us that the disarmament which, under the terms of the Treaty, should have been carried out within six months, was still incomplete after nearly five years. Even a Socialist Government had endeavoured to "scrap" the military clauses of the Treaty. But, as Mr. Wickham Steed reminds us in the *FORTNIGHTLY* for October, the final Report of the Commission, which would have made clear how much still remained to be done, was never published.

The conditions, therefore, which under the Peace Treaty were "to render possible" the initiation of general disarmament were never fulfilled. Herr Hitler's charge consequently falls to the ground.

If we bear this fact in mind we shall understand Mr. Steed's insistence on the disarmament of Germany to the level requisite for the maintenance of internal order as a condition of her entry into the Federation he desires. He says nothing as to disarmament by allies and neutrals. Though one must hope for a general reduction of arms at the earliest possible moment compatible with security, security must come before everything. No fear of Communism must be allowed to interfere with German disarmament. It was used as an argument for obstruction in 1920, but did not prevent the signature of Rapallo in 1922.

And in this matter of disarmament, surely we may hope for some help from the fact that the armed forces of Germany since 1933 have been the instrument of a terror unknown in 1914? Disarmament should be welcomed by those who have suffered from the terror. In any case, is the question of disarmament one on which the ordinary householder has strong feelings? The German working class twenty years ago showed no hostility to the work of the Allied Disarmament commission. Workers at Krupps indeed readily helped to break down guns and smash shell presses. Is not rather the important matter, if we wish to secure the co-operation of the German people in building up a safer Europe, to avoid demanding reparations which involve a crushing burden of taxation?

But as Mr. Steed makes clear, the mere disarmament of

Germany will not make safe the rule of law and justice in Europe. The burden of preventing further aggression in a continent containing powerful elements cherishing nationalistic ambitions, is one in which all European nations, at least, who value freedom, must share. Unprovoked aggressive warfare is so clearly a crime against all that civilized nations most value that for a European people to stand aside and "keep out of it" is, as has been well said, shirking a country's share of the burden of humanity. It increases the danger for others whom it leaves to fight a more difficult battle without help. Yet neutrality may be no guarantee of safety. It may ultimately involve the would-be neutral in a struggle all the more desperate because of its former neutrality, and which, had all made clear beforehand their united resistance to aggression, might never have taken place.

But effective collective defence implies collective arms sufficient to deter a potential aggressor, and members of the League too long allowed themselves to forget that the Covenant only asked its members to disarm within the limits of national security. Hence preparation for a disarmament conference began at Geneva in 1925, though the representatives of France and Britain, anyhow, must have known that Germany had not fully carried out the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. And the movement for the conference, backed as it was by powerful opinion in this country and supplemented by the signature of the London Naval Treaty in 1930, assumed so much momentum that it went on without interruption, though in the years of preparation for the conference there was considerable evidence of German rearmament. Even when Hitler, after eight months of dictatorial rule, withdrew his delegates from the conference and announced his intention of leaving the League, a British National Government was not prepared to take the responsibility of breaking up the conference by embarking on a policy of rearmament.

Had they done so, the course of the next few years might have been very different. Would Laval have made his agreement with Mussolini in January, 1935, if we had shown that we clearly recognized the danger of Nazi Germany and were preparing to meet it? If there had been no Franco-Italian

Pact, and we had not been as weak as we revealed ourselves to be at the General Election of October, 1935, would we or the French have hesitated to add an oil sanction to the others imposed on Italy? If not, would the Italians have won the day in Abyssinia, or the Germans have reoccupied the Rhineland? It is needless to mention the further tragedies which might have been avoided had we begun to rearm in 1933 instead of in 1935, and had declared our firm adherence to the principle of collective defence against aggression. We could have kept loyal to that principle and to rearmament, many countries now leading an uneasy existence as neutrals. But it was a failure for which all political parties must share the blame.

And Hitler himself has given us convincing proof of his recognition of how the principle of collective defence can interfere with his ambitions. Recollections of Nazi efforts to create prejudice against the Franco-Soviet Pact, and to prevent any pact between ourselves and Russia and between ourselves, France and Turkey, are fresh in our minds. Even to-day, flushed with victory over Poland, the *Führer*, as we have seen, has been trying to avoid carrying on war in the west in spite of his agreement with Russia.

Neutrality, then, is what we must seek to end, in Europe anyhow, and those who join in collective defence of peace must recognize a common duty to maintain sufficient arms to deter any potential aggressor. But through what machinery can collective security best be achieved? Mr. Lionel Curtis* and Mr. Clarence Streit† both tell us that the League has failed because its members would not renounce their national sovereignty. Granted that most were not prepared to renounce their sovereignty to the extent necessary to ensure an effective collective defence, both writers ignore that signing the Covenant implies renunciation of considerable sovereign powers. The articles requiring members to devote a certain time to negotiation before proceeding to war demand very definite limitation of sovereignty. So even more does Article 16, and over fifty nations complied at least with that part of it which required the imposition of economic and financial sanctions on Italy.

**Civitas Dei* (1937).†*Union Now* (1939).

Both Mr. Curtis and Mr. Streit further overlook the weakening of the League's position due to the too prolonged disarmament, though Mr. Curtis tells us that by February, 1932, the secret rearmament of Germany was well known. Mr. Streit actually makes light of this rearmament, estimating German military expenditure at not more than the French, and declaring that all countries had been secretly rearming.

Both, therefore, conclude that the League is useless and propose, instead, a Federal Union—a step which obviously demands a much greater abrogation of sovereignty than the League. Mr. Streit would commence with uniting the European democracies, the British Dominions and the United States, and to the Federal Government of these fifteen states he would transfer all powers in regard to foreign policy, defence, currency, tariffs and communications.

There is no need to dwell on the enormous deterrent power which could be exercised by such a Union, but it is disappointing to find Mr. Streit, none the less, revealing doubts as to whether even so powerful a body would be willing to shoulder the burden necessary to prevent aggression in Europe. For though he includes Finland in his fifteen states, he fears that other countries might hesitate to join the Union on account of Finland's common frontier with Russia. An article, moreover, in his draft constitution for the Union, which gives each state the right to maintain a militia and a police force but allows them to engage in war only "if actually invaded or in such imminent danger as will admit of no delay," suggests that he fears that states in exposed positions may feel uncertain of getting immediate help if attacked, and may therefore be obliged to raise their own military forces in addition to contributing to the support of the Union's. There may indeed be others besides Mr. Streit who will doubt whether a Union mainly directed by the United States, as his proposed one would be, would find it easy to deal sufficiently promptly with the problems which might arise for small exposed European states if any of their more powerful neighbours still harboured aggressive aims.

On the other hand, if the United States could enter a union with the European and British democracies, it should give a real hope for curbing aggression in the Far-East.

But does Mr. Streit fully realize the magnitude of the task he envisages? To cite the success of the Federation of the thirteen original American states as an argument for his Federation is to leave out of account the many differences of race, of language, and of tradition involved—difficulties which only existed to a very minor extent among the American states. He stresses that the Union must be one of citizens, not of governments. But will it be easier to secure a genuine sense of common citizenship between the untravelled masses of the democracies than friendly co-operation between their statesmen?

Nor does he seem to realize the difficulty of British men and women, accustomed to government by Ministers directly responsible to Parliament, accepting a federal rule under which, as he proposes, the Federal Prime Minister and Cabinet would be merely assistants to a Board of five members, three of whom would be elected by the electorate, and the other two by the Federal Parliament, the three first holding office for varying periods, as determined by the vote of the Board? How should we ever get the clear association of a member of the Board or the Prime Minister with a policy, and be able to fix responsibility, as we are accustomed to do in this country?

Or how does Mr. Streit hope to secure French acquiescence in the prospect he foresees of the French manufacture of motor cars being killed by the influx of American ones, as a result of the complete free trade which he desires within the Union? This part of his proposals obviously bristles with difficulties.

Mr. Curtis shows himself much more alive to the magnitude of the problem. He evidently realizes the barriers caused by difference in language, and holds that any Federation would have to begin with Australia and New Zealand, and if possible, Great Britain. But he does not visualize this coming into existence "for a few generations", and perhaps not extending beyond it, for another two. Obviously, therefore, he sees no help in federation for our present troubles.

Mr. Steed also desires federation or federal union, but on a very different basis. Writing, as the other authors do not, since the outbreak of war, he urges the formation, if possible during the war, "of the beginnings of a federation or federal union between all the peoples allied or associated with the present enemies of

Hitlerism." This obviously would be an organism aimed at dealing directly with the future maintenance of peace in the most troubled parts of Europe, and it could rely on links both of fellowship and of machinery forged on the terrible anvil of common effort and suffering. It would not be likely to ignore the needs of exposed members.

On the other hand it means beginning with the federation of two countries of very different languages, traditions and temperament. There may be a vast difference between the relationship of those who stand shoulder to shoulder in a common danger and those who set up a joint household. Union must give many opportunities for friction which co-operation through a League does not offer, and if prematurely brought about may well be harmful to the friendship we all desire to strengthen. But Mr. Steed no doubt is alive to these dangers, and many people will be anxious to see further details of his scheme when he gives them to us, as it is understood he will do shortly.

Meanwhile, it is important to note that he does not regard the League as being so useless as do Mr. Curtis and Mr. Streit. He wishes its Covenant and its institutions reorganized and amended "so that they may become instruments of intercourse between nations within the federation and those that may remain outside it, on condition that war be not only renounced by all League members but that all undertake to treat it as a felony depriving those who engage in it of intercourse with civilized peoples." That Mr. Steed should find room in Europe for both Federation and League is to the good, for nothing could more surely hamper clear understanding of the questions at issue than that those who desire closer co-operation in Europe should be split into warring camps.

A League, however, whose members were not actually pledged to collective defence could not be as powerful an instrument for peace as one so pledged, and if by the end of the war Federation would probably only comprise one or two states, might not the friends of peace get further if they worked from the first for the strengthening of the League? This could be done by speeding up the procedure for dealing with aggression, by abolishing the unanimity rule, by making disarmament strictly conform to general security, by making military sanctions obligatory if

economic ones had not proved sufficient. This is really required in an interpretation of Article 16 in Annexe F of the Locarno Treaty and would therefore only mean making the whole of the article binding—a step which would involve much less limitation of sovereignty than any form of Federation.

But, as Sir Walter Layton points out*, if France and Britain and any other Great Power are willing to accept a definite obligation of collective defence, they have the right to require that smaller states should federate in groups according to geographical propinquity. This should greatly increase their capacity to resist sudden attack, and should ensure a fairer balance of influence in the League's counsels. The Scandinavian states might form one such group, with or without Holland and Belgium. Another group might usefully be formed in Central Europe to include a future Czechoslovakia, perhaps a Poland, and states in the Danubian basin.

Again, it may be enquired whether it might not be easier for Germany to enter a League rather than a Federal Union, and does not the same doubt apply to Russia? In spite of the many and vital respects in which her system of government differs from that of the democracies, she showed herself for five years a loyal member of the League. But would the democracies find it easy to admit her to citizenship of a Union? If not, is it advisable to set up an organization which would not be open to all who were ready to take their share in the collective defence of peace? The genuine co-operation of a Germany once more enjoying freedom and justice, must for us be a major aim.

Finally, Mr. Steed, while opposed to any "bartering" with Germany about colonies, desires all colonial possessions ultimately placed under a federal trusteeship for the welfare of their inhabitants and in order to secure equality of access to raw materials for members of the federation. Such a trusteeship has long been the declared basis of British administration, but should we find it easy to combine our methods with those, for instance, even of our great Ally? Her aim is to make her colonial subjects citizens of France; ours, to make them good

* *Allied War Aims* (News Chronicle Publication Dept.), 1939.

citizens of their own country. Would backward peoples benefit from conflicting purposes in administration ?

Again, in the case of colonies held under mandates A or B (*i.e.* those in which preferential trade is forbidden) or those to which the Congo Basin treaties apply, Mr. Steed's proposal would mean the introduction of a preferential trade system where there is now free trade. In other cases his proposal might cut across trade agreements made by the colonies themselves. The West Indies, for example, and Mauritius, have a system of preferential trade with Canada on which their prosperity mainly depends. This agreement would lapse under Mr. Steed's proposal, if Canada had not joined the Federation. In the event of all colonies being put under mandate as others suggest, it would certainly be lost, unless the mandate were of type C, under which there is no restriction of preference. This is the type of mandate held by the Dominions.

Nor could the extension of mandates be safely applied to colonies such as Gibraltar, or to the Straits Settlements, with their special strategic importance. But once the principle of collective defence was fully established, it would become evident that such bases were held in trust for others as well as ourselves—for all, indeed, who were ready to undertake obligations for the preservation of peace.

Annual reports, moreover, could well be made to the League on all colonies, as in the case of mandates. This procedure, exposing colonial administration to international examination and inevitably engendering a healthy spirit of emulation between the officials of the different mandatory powers, is, I believe, a surer method of securing that colonies are administered first and foremost in the interests of their people, than hurling them into a maelstrom of conflicting systems.

THE FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH IN WAR-TIME

BY THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

WHAT is the Church to do and say in time of war? It is an old problem, which has exercised people's minds over and over again. There are some who take it for granted that where the nation leads the Church must follow, and say there is no question worth discussion. There are others who consider the teaching of the Church and the conduct of war so utterly incompatible that they demand that all churches should be closed for the duration. There are not very many who go so far as this. But we cannot forget the judgment of the historian Lecky in his *History of European Morals* :

In looking back with our present experience, we are driven to the melancholy conclusion that, instead of diminishing the number of wars, ecclesiastical influence has actually, and very seriously, increased it. We may look in vain for any period since Constantine in which the clergy as a body exerted themselves to repress the military spirit, or to prevent or abridge a particular war with an energy at all comparable to that which they displayed in stimulating the fanaticism of the crusaders, in producing the atrocious massacres of the Albigenes, in embittering the religious contests that followed the Reformation.

The question is one of peculiar importance. The churches are as a rule much fuller in the first onrush of war. But there are numerous critics, who point the finger at the clergy in the different warring nations when they claim that their nation's cause is the righteous cause, and implore God to bless it, and to give their nation the victory. And when the war is over, there is plenty of disillusionment. Many of the very people who have thronged the churches will be the first to attack the Church, if they think that the Church has simply echoed the popular cry, if the Church leaders have only said what the statesmen have said, and if the sermons they have heard seem to have been overmuch concerned with the justice of the nation's cause.

It is, therefore, important to consider the question—What is the function of the Church in war-time? and I am going to

urge in this article that it is the function of the Church at all costs to remain the Church.

The war of 1914-1918 was a very testing war from the point of view of the Church. I can speak with first-hand knowledge of the actual exercise of the Church's Ministry; for I was the late Archbishop of Canterbury's Chaplain at the time. As I look back I recall the strength of the national uprising in every country. Everywhere, in every people, the national emotions were strong. Germany was great and powerful, and the German national spirit was powerful too. The insistence on the rights of the smaller nations, in face of Germany, fanned the flames of nationalism elsewhere. The nationalist spirit grew as the war went on. It grew in all countries. It grew in England. There was the agitation against people with German names; the campaign against aliens, starting in 1915; the demand for reprisals. There were men (including Church leaders in all countries) who stood out against the nationalist fever. But the fever was fierce, and the strain on the national resources great. Nor was there any counter-balancing force resolute enough to resist it. The Church itself in each nation became more and more the Church of the particular nation. It failed to strike the universal note.

It is not difficult to find illustrations. In September, 1914, some of the most famous German theologians issued an "Appeal to Evangelical Christians Abroad", which was nothing but a lining up of the German Protestant Church with the German State in the conflict with England and France. It contained these words:

We know that we are at one with all the Christians among our people, that we can and must repudiate on their behalf and on behalf of their Government the responsibility for the terrible crime of this war and all its consequences for the development of the Kingdom of God on earth. With the deepest conviction we must attribute it to those who have long secretly and cunningly been spinning a web of conspiracy against Germany, which now they have flung over us in order to strangle us therein.

It was immediately met by a reply from eminent British Church leaders, headed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, which, in effect, ranged the British Churches solidly behind the British Government. They wrote:

It has not been a light thing for us to give our assent to the action of the Government of our country in this matter. But the facts of the case as

we know them have made it impossible for us to do otherwise... We have taken our stand for international good faith, for the safeguarding of smaller nationalities, and for the upholding of the essential conditions of brotherhood among the nations of the world.

The prayers issued in England during the war also gradually took on a more and more decided tone in relation to the national effort. So did the Addresses or Homilies officially issued. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson) himself time after time stood out nobly against reprisals, on the ground that they debased our moral currency. Thus he said (May 2, 1917) :

I do know that the Christian judgment of England—and I do not shrink from using that term in its fullest sense—is that when we come out of this war (scarred and wounded, yes ; bereft of some of our best and noblest and most hopeful, yes), we mean to come out with clean hands and with the right to feel sure that in the coming years, whatever record leaps to light, we never shall be ashamed.

He protested also against anti-Christian hate and the spirit of vindictiveness ; and he made many appeals in the House of Lords in aid of prisoners of war. But, generally speaking, it was the national cause, the national effort, the national honour, that coloured the Church's teaching and witness ; and the exemption of the clergy from military service was urged partly on the ground of the *rôle* they played in " what will be the nation's path to victory ".

I am quoting from English sources ; but similar sentiments found expression in the Churches of Germany and other countries. It was no wonder that many of the soldiers on both sides, in the furnace of suffering, felt a sense of desolation ; no wonder that they should ask their Churches to give them something more than patriotism, and that they got little comfort in the thought of a Holy War. Here is an extract from the letter of a German soldier written in 1915. It might equally have been written, with the change of a couple of words, by an English soldier at the very same date.

They (our pastors) speak of a Holy War. I know of no Holy War. I only know one war, and that is the sum of everything that is inhuman, impious, and beastly in man, a visitation of God and a call to repentance to the people who rushed into it, or allowed themselves to be drawn into it. God has plunged men into this Hell in order to teach them to love Heaven. As for the German people, the war seems to be a chastisement and a call to contrition—addressed first of all to our German Church.

It was with this strong national background in each country that the peace negotiations were conducted in 1919. The temper

of the victorious powers was bad. There was no large counter-balancing body of opinion to resist it. Hence came the Treaty of Versailles. In none of the warring countries had the Church sounded the super-national note. Had it done so, we should have had a different world to-day.

There will be the same issue in the present war. Will the Church in the warring countries strike the universal note, or will it say ditto to the State? If the Church is purely national, it will fail. If it fails in war, it will be powerless in the making of peace. If the Church does not fulfil its function now, how will it ever persuade mankind that it has a function?

This matter of functions is vital. The State has a function, and the Church has a function. They are distinct. The State is the guarantor of order, justice and civil liberty. It acts by the power of restraint, legal and physical. The Church, on the other hand, is charged with a gospel of God's redeeming love. It witnesses to a Revelation in history. It speaks of the realities which outlast change. It aims at creating a community founded on love. So when all the resources of the State are concentrated, for example, on winning a war, the Church is not a part of those resources. It stands for something different.

I set this out first, in order that my later remarks may be seen to stand on foundations of principle. Men owe very much to the State. There is no doubt of that. But it does not by any means cover the whole field of human experience, or need. It has to do with changing things, and to make the most of what is practicable. The Church, on the other hand, touches the invisible, the unchanging, the supernatural and the super-national. It is not the nation. It is not the State's spiritual auxiliary with exactly the same ends as the State.

When war breaks out, there is always a great marshalling of the nation's forces. The Church, which stands within the nation, is expected to express its solidarity with the nation. Indeed, even if it were desired, it would be impossible to make a clean cut between Churchmen and citizens. There can be no contracting out of the national destiny. It is the Church of men, and there are no men save those belonging to nations. The Church has a share in all that affects the individual nation. It rejoices in the good gifts God gives the nation. It suffers in

all the burdens which the nation must bear. What is the Church to do when there is a war ?

We must insist on the distinction of functions. The Church has a specific task to perform at all times. It owes it to the nation, as well as to itself, to discharge that function to the best of its ability. If the Church has a function, war is not a time when it should be abandoned.

But we must interpret it further. There is first the question of right and wrong—the moral law. The Church, in the persons of its clergy, primarily represents the Gospel which brings forgiveness and salvation. But it witnesses also to eternal realities ; and the moral law is both super-national and super-natural, as the Gospel is. The Church then ought to declare, both in peace-time and war-time, that there are certain basic principles, which can and should be the standards of both international and social order and conduct. Such principles are the equal dignity of all men, respect for human life, the acknowledgment of the solidarity for good and evil of all nations and races of the earth, fidelity to the plighted word, and the appreciation of the fact that power of any kind, political or economic, must be co-extensive with responsibility. The Church therefore ought to declare what is just. It has a right to prophesy, to analyse the issues which lie behind a particular conflict, and to rebuke the aggressor. But two conditions are vital. The Church must be humble. It must acknowledge its own share in the guilt of the common injustice and lack of charity. Further, its witness must be disinterested and independent. It should speak only what the moral law compels it to speak, whether that is favourable or unfavourable to its country. Besides, the Church must guard and maintain those moral principles in the war itself. It must not hesitate, if occasion arises, to condemn the infliction of reprisals, or the bombing of civilian populations, by the military forces of its own nation. It should set itself against the propaganda of lies and hatred. It should be ready to encourage a resumption of friendly relations with the enemy nation. It should set its face against any war of extermination or enslavement, and any measures directly aimed at destroying the morale of a population.

But, although it must be free always to witness to basic moral principles, both in the social and in the international order, the characteristic function of the Church is of a different kind. And therefore the characteristic expression of its solidarity with the nation is also different. The Church stands for the Cross, the Gospel of Redemption. It cannot, therefore, speak of any earthly war as a 'crusade', for the one thing for which it is impossible to fight with earthly weapons is the Cross. Its supreme concern is not the victory of the national cause. It is a hard thing to say, but it is vital. Its supreme concern is the doing of the Will of God, whoever wins, and the declaring of the Mercy of God to all men and nations. The Ministers, especially the leaders, of the Church have a great responsibility for making this plain. It is not only that the Church, if its Clergy preach the Gospel, offers a counterbalancing force of undoubted authority to the waves of national emotion, and so helps to preserve spiritual integrity. That is important. But what is still more important is the fact that the Church is the trustee of the Gospel of Redemption; and unless the Gospel is preached, the Church is not the Church.

It is implicit in what I have written that the Church is universal. Its message is for all nations. The Church in any country fails to be the Church, if it forgets that its members in one nation have a fellowship with its members in every nation. The Church also stands for a supernatural event as the centre of life. That event is the Incarnation, the Cross and the Resurrection. The Church fails to be the Church if it does not make that the centre of its teaching. It is a God-given reality. It is not a society for exhorting men or peoples to have good aims. It is not even a Society for improving international morals. It sees the world lying in the Evil One, which Christ by his Cross has overcome. It declares that the fundamental problem is a spiritual problem, that the deepest need of the social and international situation is spiritual. Its witness is that so long as life is conducted on a secular basis it will go wrong. It asserts that idealism and humanitarianism are not enough; that no national or international organization which is without God can be effective. The Church offers the world the Gospel of the Incarnate, Crucified and Risen Christ. This is no special

war-time Gospel. It is the Gospel for human needs in all times and countries. If it is for us, it is also for our enemies. It applies equally to every time and place.

The Church may have a difficult task in war time. But it has an extraordinary opportunity. Over against human selfishness and national divisions it sets the Gospel of the Love of God, and the community of Christians. And the Church is not a figment of man's mind, but a living spiritual reality, created by God.

The Church at present is not visibly united. Christians are nevertheless one in Christ through faith and prayer. The opportunities for expressing and emphasising that unity are greater than they were. The Roman Catholic Church has always been an international Church, though it has not overcome the national cleavages resulting from war. In the Non-Roman world in recent years an immense step forward has been taken in actual fellowship of Christian with Christian, Church with Church, overriding both denominational and national boundaries. A Movement called the Oecumenical Movement has steadily gathered strength. There is a fundamental distinction between "oecumenical" and "international". The term "international" necessarily accepts the division of mankind into separate nations as a natural if not a final state of affairs. The term "oecumenical" refers to the expression within history of the given unity of the Church. The one starts from the fact of division and the other from the fact of unity in Christ. There is a whole literature connected with the Oxford Conference of 1937, with its Report entitled "The Churches Survey their Tasks". At this very moment a preliminary organization of a World Council of Churches exists. Moreover, the very torments of a world stricken by persecution and war, have brought Roman Catholics, Orthodox and Protestants together in a new way, outside the dogmatic field.

The Church, wherever it is found, is the Universal Church. The Roman Catholic Church is universal. So also (in this sense) are the Evangelical, and Orthodox, and other Catholic Churches. It is the function of the particular Church, especially in those countries which are at war, to do whatever it can to maintain brotherly relations with all the Churches it can reach, as within the Universal Church.

The Church which I have described above is a preaching and worshipping Church. In the smallest village, as well as in the centre of the national life, the church of the place has its own gift to offer to the whole of such witness and worship. The Minister of that local church will gather the flock to do their part in the common praying and offering. The church which is his special cure he will regard as a part of the Church Universal; bearing its witness that God is the supreme Lord over men and nations, and that in Christ alone, and in His Church, even the deepest divisions are overcome. He can, and should, call his flock, and among them especially the relatives of those on service, to hear the Gospel, to proclaim their faith in the Living God and in the Resurrection, and to share in the praises and prayers, and sacraments, week by week, and often day by day. The humble chapel in the village, and the great Cathedral in the town, would each be a fountain of prayer, whether the chapel be in Bavaria, or Sussex, or the Cathedral in Paris or Cologne. The Minister will be leading his people in prayer to their Father. He will act as their intercessor who pleads for them and their kin, and for all those serving in the war. But he should never forget the other intercessors in other countries with the same prayers on their lips, and he and they alike should each pray that God's will may be done, and each pray for the nation to which the other belongs, and for all the nations engaged in the conflict. He should do this, not only because Christ said "Love your enemies", but because those others are members of the same Universal Church. It is the function of the Church in war-time to preach the Gospel of Christ. It is its function also to witness to the universal fellowship, and to keep the fellowship of prayers unbroken. In a word, it is the function of the Church in war-time to be still the Church.

WHIGGERY

BY H. BELLOC

A CERTAIN political force grew up in the XVIIth century which in its growth foreshadowed the English Political Revolution from a Monarchy to an Aristocracy, and in its maturity was the fruit of that change.

This force is known to Englishmen themselves by the half-humorous term of "Whiggery." It is a social thing quite unknown outside England. It is among the most English of English products and without a comprehension of it no man can really know how modern England was made or what modern England is. It was essentially Whiggery that destroyed the English Monarchy in that monarchy's last phase, after the Crown had been undermined by the whole series of seventeenth-century transformations from the last Tudor kingship to the nominal rule of Dutch William. It was essentially Whiggery that supported Shaftesbury and inspired Russell. In 1688 is Whiggery enthroned.

Since this great change from kingship to oligarchy—from the people represented and governed by one Great Person to the people governed, but hardly represented by, a comparatively small group of rich men—is, in its largest aspect, a victory of Money-power over its only serious rival in large societies, Monarchy, men who do not know England may easily confuse Whiggery with mere plutocracy.

To do this—and it has been done by many a foreign historian and onlooker, including so great a judgment as Napoleon's—is like mistaking port for alcohol. Whiggery is full of plutocracy; it is based upon plutocracy. It connotes government by the rich. But it is far, far more particular, individual and national, local and as it were, personal, than mere plutocracy.

When an Englishman who knows his own country and its past, talks of the "Whigs," there arises in his mind at

once the image of a special kind of Englishman who gave its tone to the English governing class as a whole (but especially to the dominating section of that class) from the revolution of 1688 almost to our own day. In our own day there is a strong survival of Whiggery, very vital and likely to endure, even though it be somewhat changed in quality as time proceeds.

Whiggery is a combination of two things which have no national connection but which happen to have coalesced in England, and in England only, under the accidents of English development from the middle of the seventeenth century to nearly the end of the nineteenth century. Those two things are : —

All that is meant by the Liberal theory of the State : Freedom of the individual, an inviolate rule of law secure from personal interference ; the equality of all citizens before that law ; a necessary patriotism without which no abstract principles could preserve the State, and, with this patriotism, a strong conviction that the nation thus loved and served is in every respect superior, necessarily and essentially superior, to all others. There is the first element.

The second element is something quite other and nearly contradictory. It is the conception that the wealthy are the natural leaders of the community. On this account their wealth should be as permanent and stable as possible. On this account they must be dignified by sundry titles, often high-sounding. It is inconceivable to the spirit of Whiggery that men not enjoying the best advantages of wealth should preponderate in the commonwealth. To this conception of wealth as the natural and inevitable conductor of society there is added that without which class government could not arise—the worship of wealth both on the part of those who possess it and on the part of those who do not, and more on the part of the latter than of the former.

Now if you will consider these two principles, they will be found as little common in nature as oil and water. It would seem impossible to make them mix. The foreigner (by which approbrious term not only Whigs but all their fellow-citizens denote the inferior alien), has now for generations been baffled in the attempt to understand how that mixture could conceivably

have taken place, or rather, how that mixture can have actual existence. He sees it is so in England and the more incomprehensible does it make England to him.

Consider the two principles separately. On the one hand, equality before the law, the flower and product of that mystical doctrine, the equality of man, which is dimly recognized in the souls of all but which we inherited, in its full definition, from the civilization of Greece and Rome and especially from that civilization's conversion to Catholicism some fifteen hundred years ago. On the other hand, the conviction rather than the pretention, the instinct or appetite rather than the claim, that wealth not only must, in the nature of things, but *should*, for implied moral reasons, conduct the State.

There is here an active contradiction in definition, but more than that, there is an incompatibility of stuff. It does not seem possible that men defending and even worshipping the ideal of an equal law should, at the same time, hold this strongly inherited religion of Mammon. Yet the marriage has been consummated and has borne fruit, and its still well-established child is the English governing class. Two dissimilar things have come together and have made a third. It is the practice of nature in every department, animate and inanimate, to administer Change in this fashion and to preside by such a generation, over the course of development in every field.

You may notice in the neighbouring but hostile culture of the French, a combination of two dissimilar things: a passion for strict deductive conclusions, following from admitted first principles and therefore absolutely true, not to be denied, compelling acquiescence—and, on the other hand, a mere association of ideas or even a mere association of words, a process which has no more to do with logic than Mammon has to do with human equality.

The same Frenchman who has proved, or rather affirmed by an implied syllogism, that every individual should cast one vote and no more than one vote, will angrily deny this right of voting to that half of the herd which is of the female gender. The same Frenchman, who will affirm religion to be a purely private matter whereon no exceptional laws may impinge, will actively support a policy forbidding a particular religion to

be taught by men and women devoted to it and acting in common. He thus contradicts himself from an association of ideas in either case, and yet self-contradiction is what he most detests.

A man observing England from the outside and coming across Whiggery in its great historical examples of the eighteenth-century nobles, and of many a modern statesman glorying in the strength of England, will, I think, without exception fall into one of two errors: he will either think that Whiggery is an ideal republicanism living by the principle of equality, or he will denounce it, as did the great Irishman, in the phrase: "Bloody, base and treacherous Whigs."

It is neither to be praised or denounced. It is to be appreciated.

Had I the space, and my readers the patience, I might print fifty pages of clinching anecdote wherein is visible the nature of this hybrid creature, the Whig. I might tell you the story of that old gentleman in Sussex, who denouncing the looseness of young women in these, our post-war times, said in my hearing (with some vehemence), "Such things were unknown in my youth," and then added softly, as though musing, "except of course, in the old Whig families." Or one could recite the example of that excellent rhetorician of about a century ago, who after a speech proclaiming the inviolable rights of the free Englishman to his home, was reproached for turning a number of poor tenants out of doors, and replied with beautiful simplicity: "May not a man do what he likes with his own?" The same man would have harangued by the hour against the vileness of the Russian relations between Lord and serf. He could not discover his own parallel because a cloud of Whiggery lay before his eyes.

It was essentially the Whig spirit which defended the French Revolution in the case of some extreme enthusiasts among the wealthiest of English families. It was the same spirit which, with some excuse, defended the rebellion of the American Colonies. It was, above all, the spirit which was irreconcilably hostile to active personal monarchy and which yet desired to preserve the title thereof. It was Whiggery which killed the English Crown, as one might murder a living man, but which set

up the symbol thereof as one might set up the statue of the murdered man.

How did this strange, most vigorous and exceedingly national product arise? I will reverse the right order in the answering of that question and talk first of the name, which is unimportant, and next of the thing.

The name "Whig" contrasted with the word "Tory," first appeared long after the thing had become of the first importance in England. "Whig" was the nickname given at first, I believe, to those enthusiasts north of the border who rebelled violently against the authority of the King of England and Scotland because that authority clashed with their extreme religion. There were connected with such rebellions, as with all rebellions, various extravagances and crimes. "Whig," therefore, was used as a term of opprobrium, as one might say, "you dirty rebel." "Tory" was similarly used in the third of the three kingdoms, Ireland; it was the nickname there given to men in conflict with English law and the society it had set up in the English effort to conquer Ireland. Outlaws, bandits, raiders, these were Tories. So the men who appealed to law and civic equality against the traditional kingship of England denounced their more conservative opponents by the name of "Tories," as who should say: "You irrational supporter of violence; you mere superstitious follower of ancient names and forms."

But I say that "Whiggery" the thing, was full grown and active long before the name "Whig" had come above the surface. The name "Whig" (as an appellation given to one who stood for that new English mixture of liberalism and money power, following on the quarrel between money-power and monarchy), was not heard in political discussion, I believe, until the violent dissensions between petitioners and abhorrrers, during the effort to exclude the Duke of York altogether from succession to the Throne. But the Whig theory of the State, the Whig social practice, the Whig mind, consciously and unconsciously at work, you have appearing in the seed or embryo before even Elizabeth is dead. It is tumultuously growing during the Civil Wars and behold, against all expectation

and all logic, it is mature and triumphantly established in practice, within half a dozen years of the Restoration.

That strength of wealth in the Commons of the Restoration Parliament, those claims to power by squires and rich merchants, advanced, as it were, instinctively and without definition and increasingly acted upon, even during the first decade of Charles II's activity, were essentially Whig. Whiggery, like everything else, went through its stages of development. It was conceived, was born, was nurtured, grew and came of age. We may dispute as to the exact date of its majority, but it was more than a boy—it was certainly a full grown man, when the crisis of 1670, the Treaty of Dover leaking out, came to stamp it for good and gave it a character which it has not yet lost. All the violent nearly successful attacks on the King, especially the Popish Plot, were Whiggery, Whiggery, Whiggery. The unscrupulous, determined and convinced further rebellious drive against James II was Whiggery roaring for a prey, and the Revolution of 1688 was as I have said Whiggery triumphant and enthroned.

Let those who see the intense and comic contradiction between the liberal theory of Whiggery and the mammonite practice thereof remember that Whiggery led England to her highest summit of political power, and that when its chief representatives confused patriotism with the ideas of their own class, they could advance the plain fact that they had both created and exalted modern England.

When I say that Whiggery made modern England, I must modify that statement by one obvious exception. The great modern European nations have none of them been made by any one spirit to be discovered in them during modern times. They all proceed from a common foundation of Greek and Latin culture and of that Christendom into which the ancient pagan civilization was baptized. There is, moreover, in every great European nation a mass of qualities especial to itself which are superior to, and broader than, the political forces which may have formed them in their social or constitutional structure. Still it is true to say that Whiggery was the *chief* formative of what we call to-day England. Its traditional opponent, Toryism, with its lingering respect for monarchy and

even for feudal memories may be cited as a sort of foil or contrast to Whiggery, but Whiggery was the master throughout. It was conquering, before it appeared above the surface towards the end of the first decade in Charles II's reign ; by 1674 it had taken on a personality unmistakable ; it had by 1681 a name of its own, by the end of the century it bid for complete power and throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries or even into the twentieth, it led the dance.

Now Whiggery in its very considerable achievement used two main forces. It wrote modern English history and it established a religion of what it called "the British Constitution," to which, by ceaseless iteration, it pledged the political mind of the whole country.

As to how it wrote English history, everyone who has read that history in any textbook of the last two hundred years and more may understand. Every Whig presumption, every Whig doctrine is taken for granted by our historians. Those who are in reaction against Whiggery are useful as exceptions or oddities, and they are quoted as such. They do not affect the general truth that Whiggery took the story of England and told it in its own terms, suppressed what it would, told what lies it felt inclined to tell, and at last made them all pass—the suppressions and the falsehoods—as current coin. It caused men to take for granted what was true about it ; such as, for instance, the fact that it established a reign of law (but a law of its own kind very different from the moral code of Christendom) or the fact that its devotion to wealth increased the wealth of the community. But it also made falsehood take root, as in the pretence that Parliamentary oligarchy is democratic.

There are in the last two centuries many outstanding protests against Whiggery, many powerful literary monuments which rebuke it—for instance, Bolingbroke's "Patriot King." Disraeli, with his acute alien vision and honesty of purpose analysed it adversely, and his analysis was successful ; but he did not, any more than had Bolingbroke before him, affect the great volume of the thing. He diminished in no way, for all the volume of his protest and for all its verve, the bulky political stuff of Whiggery, whereof the England of his time, as of earlier and later days consisted. The man lived in the very atmosphere

of Whiggery, and his efforts at satirizing what was over-Whig only resulted in a sort of sentimental caricature which was just as Whiggish as could be, permeated with that same humbug of false lineage and very real adoration of wealth which made the Whig what he is. Nor would Disraeli have dared to attack the "constitution"; he would perhaps have been intellectually incapable of conceiving a political England built upon other lines.

As examples of the way in which English history has been written by Whigs and how their thesis has thoroughly permeated the scholarly, as well as the popular mind, consider such a major instance as the monstrous legend that James II was planning the *forcible* conversion of this country to Catholicism. One might as well say (and there were men found to say it), that the dull Radicals of Joseph Chamberlain's day were planning to set up an egalitarian republic. Or consider the still more monstrous legend which will have it that the title to the English Throne is parliamentary. Or consider the way in which, all through our textbooks, the phrase "English people" is used, as though it were identical with Whiggery. The revolution of 1688 is acclaimed as the action of the "English people." The second Dutch War, because it is fought in alliance with Louis XIV is repulsive to the "English people," although not ten years before, the whole mass of England was in a fever of hostility to the Dutch and their commercial power. It is Whig history which has represented the English House of Commons as being primarily a mirror of this same "English people," though it took away their land, forbade their association to combine against the evils of nascent capitalism and maintained the grossest iniquities in popular suffrage and the grossest corruption in administration.

Whig history would have it that the Habeas Corpus Act was something of a divine sort, whereof foreigners were unworthy. Whiggery pretended to have secured for the subjects of the great Whig families an independence unknown to the peasants on the Continent and to the publicists of the English eighteenth century (or of to-day for that matter), a freedom of expression which is unknown outside this island. Again Whig history will have it that the continued misgovernment of Ireland was

due in some way to the exceptional incapacity or exceptional dishonesty of the Irish people.

Like all official history, Whig history, as it approached the term of its natural life (it is still vigorous but its decay is manifest), sank from level to level in the community. To-day it is still the orthodox history of the elementary schools; it is defended, though with increasing difficulty, in the national universities (by Professor Trevelyan for instance); but its native ground still remains the great mass of the lower middle class, and there it is of greatest effect in those historical novels with which we are blessed or cursed. A future generation, perhaps the next, may watch with interest the appearance of some real piece of historical fiction wherein our fathers shall be made to behave as they did behave; the effect will be startling.

The whole story of English law and government is warped to fit in with the framework of Whiggery. Whether we shall ever get it out of its cramped and distorted stage may be doubted, for by the time we have done so, the interest in these things, with which Whiggery has dealt on its historical side, will be dead.

But what will not die for a long time will be the essentially national tone of Whiggery. It will survive by its virtues and especially by the virtue of patriotism. Were England to suffer some major and permanent defeat, it is probable that this great business of Whiggery would go under for ever; but so long as England is prosperous and proud, prosperity and pride being the twin pillars of Whiggery, Whiggery will stand; and who would wish it otherwise?

THE BEAUTY OF THE DEAD

BY H. E. BATES

GRIMSHAW finished stopping up the cracks of the bedroom window with the putty knife and the scraps of dirty rag. Outside it was already snowing, in sharp wind-scurried bursts, with particles of ice that bounced like grains of rice on the black dry pavements. But it seemed warmer in the bedroom now, so Grimshaw thought, the east wind deadened by the rag in the cracks, and at last he turned with satisfaction to look at his wife, who was dying on the bed.

"Feel any different?" he said.

"No. No different."

"Warmer now, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's warmer," she said.

"Doctor said I'd gotta git a fire," Grimshaw said, "but you don't want a fire do you? Have one if you want one," he added quickly.

"No. I'm warm enough."

"Never had a fire in this room," Grimshaw said. "Don't see why we should start now, do you?"

"No," she said.

Grimshaw's wife lay in a large and beautiful mahogany four-poster without hangings, its canopy looming over her like a dark attendant angel with carved scrolls for hands. As Grimshaw looked at her, a small meek-eyed woman with high blood pressure that showed in the sharp colour of her face and the root-like veins of her hands, his eyes dwelt on the bed too. To Grimshaw's way of thinking the mahogany itself, deep as burgundy, gave out enough fire to keep the room warm. It was a very beautiful piece: one of the finest pieces he had. Yes, it was very beautiful. Over the small figure in the bed was laid a brown horse-blanket with a yellow scorch-hole in it, and over that a tasselled white quilt that had been darned

along the edges. Lower down the bed Grimshaw had laid an old Inverary cloak, and there was a bucket for slops under the bed.

"Feel like anythink t'eat?" Grimshaw said. "It's goin' uphill for twelve."

"I don't fancy much," she said.

"I got that cold rice-pudden," Grimshaw said, "I could hot that up."

"All right. Hot that up for me."

"I could go out and git a bit o' pig's fry. On'y it's snowing. I could go out though."

"No," she said, "hot me the rice pudden'."

Scratching his thin grey hair, Grimshaw began to go towards the door, feeling his way between several Hepplewhite chairs and a William and Mary occasional table and a carved commode that were crowded together between the four-poster and the wall. At the door he stopped and peered back at her over his string-tied spectacles.

"How shall I hot it?" he said.

"Jist stand it over the kettle," she said. "It'll hot itself like that."

"Ah. All right," he said. "A bit o' warm pudden'll do you good."

Grimshaw went out of the bedroom and along the dark landing and downstairs between rows of pictures and furniture and many pieces of china suspended by wires from the frieze-rail. He went through the living-room, fireless too and crowded like the bedroom and the passages with many pieces of furniture, and so through to the kitchen. The kitchen was dirty, with a day's unwashed crockery in the sink, and in the range a small acrid fire of leather-bits that Grimshaw cadged twice a week from the shoemaker round the corner. In the middle of the floor stood a pembroke-table, not a good specimen, that Grimshaw had once got for two shillings and had repaired in the workshop up the yard. On the table were spread sheets of newspaper, for a table-cloth, and on the newspaper stood a dirty cup and plate and a broken egg-shell, the remains of Grimshaw's breakfast. A brown teapot was stewing on the hob, the kettle simmering on the trivet beside it.

Grimshaw cleared the table of the dirty crocks. He put the crocks in the sink and the egg-shell in the fire and then, in the pantry-cupboard, found the remains of the rice-pudding, a chunk of solid brown-skinned substance in an enamel dish scorched at the rim. He put this on the kettle after taking off the kettle-lid, swinging the trivet across the fire.

While waiting for the rice-pudding to warm Grimshaw fell into a kind of trance. The door from the kitchen to the living-room stood open, and from where he sat Grimshaw could see the little room crowded with furniture. His eyes, greyish-yellow, rheumily protuberant and almost lidless, were the focal point of his scraggy face. He was wearing several dirty waistcoats and now that the weather had turned bitter again he had wrapped a dirty scarf round his chest, tucking the ends into his armpits. In this trance-like attitude, his scarf giving him the appearance of a man who is waiting to go out somewhere, he sat for some time and gazed at the furniture. The tops of the tables, the chair-seats, the face of a bureau seemed, like the bed upstairs, to give out an indefinable air of warmth. They seemed very beautiful. The sight of them touched Grimshaw's senses, colouring his acute and jealous sense of possession with a remotely poetic feeling. From his eyes, still protuberant but softer now, it was possible to see that the shape and tone of antique wood affected him like words or music. He seemed to be listening to its beauty in the semi-dark silence of the house round which the snow was now beating in thicker waves.

After some moments he remembered the rice-pudding. He found the enamel dish warm to his touch. He took it off the kettle and poured a little hot water into the pudding, stirring and mashing it up with a spoon. Then he poured water into the tea-pot, stirring the stale stewed leaves with his finger. Finally he poured out a cup of tea, giving it a look of the milk and a bare half-spoonful of sugar. The cup of tea, with half the pudding on a plate, he took upstairs.

His wife was lying just as he had left her. On this side of the house the snow was beating in thick white flakes at the windows. It was settling untouched on the roofs and the street-trees, and the reflection of it in the mahogany was like a soft solution of silver.

Grimshaw, moving to set the pudding and the tea on a table, a Georgian pedestal, thought better of it, and set it on the floor. His wife began to struggle feebly up in bed, her lips pale and exhausted, and Grimshaw helped her into an upright position, giving her the tea and the pudding a moment later.

"You manage?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "I can manage. You go down now and have yours afore it gets cold."

"Doctor'll be here soon, without the snow holds him up," Grimshaw said.

He felt his way among the chairs and tables again and went downstairs. In the kitchen he sat and ate his dinner off the newspaper, eating the same as his wife, the now luke-warm pudding mashed with water, swilling it down with the rank stewed tea. What was good enough for her, he thought, was good enough for him. Yes, they shared and shared alike. They always had shared and shared alike. They always would.

He bolted the food quickly, staring outside at the now rapidly falling snow. The food did not mean anything to him. He had forgotten what good food was like. She never had been able to cook and now it didn't matter. You didn't eat so much when you got old anyway, didn't need so much. They had lived in the house now for forty years, after marrying fairly late, and gradually the furniture had accumulated round them like a silent family of children. All their money had gone into it, had been made out of it. At first Grimshaw had been a carpenter, repairing bits of furniture in the evenings for other people. Then gradually the furniture had bitten into him, had got hold of him like drink, until it had become a sort of single-minded passion.

The jealousy and madness had got into her too. She was passionately mad on china and glass. In the front-room and the hall and in some of the never-used bedrooms there were cupboards and cabinets of china to which no one had ever had the key. And now no one would ever have the key, because no one except the doctor came into the house. Grimshaw and she were alone in the house. They wanted to be alone. They were quite happy like that, all alone, living on bread and tea and rice-pudding, with the silent family of furniture about

them and the countless pieces of china blooming in the dark and unopened cupboards like rows of everlasting flowers.

As he sat there finishing the pudding and the tea, Grimshaw heard the heavy front door open and swing to, and then quick feet mounting the stairs.

He knew that it was the doctor. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and went upstairs too, following the diminishing chips of snow on the newspapers that covered the turkey-red carpet on the stairs.

In the bedroom the doctor was sitting on the edge of the bed with a stethoscope in his ears. He took off the stethoscope and turned to look at Grimshaw as he came in.

"You ought to have a fire in here. I distinctly said that yesterday."

"She says she's warm enough."

"Never mind what she says. It's ten degrees colder to-day and it looks like being colder," the doctor said. "You must get a fire in here this afternoon."

Grimshaw did not speak.

"There's another thing. It's more than time your wife had proper nursing."

"She don't like strange people about," Grimshaw said.

"Never mind that. What about relatives?"

"She ain't got none. Only a sister. And she never comes near."

"Wouldn't she come if she knew about this?"

"She might."

"Then get her to come. If she can't come you must tell me. I'll get a trained nurse instead. Of course I can't force you, but —"

The doctor got up from the bed and packed away the stethoscope into his bag. The woman on the bed did not stir and Grimshaw, looking at her for a sign of acquiescence or denial, did not speak.

As he went out of the door the doctor made a sign to Grimshaw and Grimshaw followed him downstairs.

"Now listen," the doctor said. "The fire and the nurse are both very essential. If you don't give your consent to a nurse I am afraid I can't be responsible for what happens. Do you understand?"

" Yes."

" How is she sleeping ? "

" Says she sleeps all right, doctor."

" Well, keep on with the medicine. I'll give another injection tomorrow."

When the doctor had gone Grimshaw went upstairs again. He walked slowly, aggrieved and resentful at the idea of a stranger intruding in the house : a strange woman, with fresh bright hands scratching like pins at the virgin skin of the furniture, a woman breaking in with new and regular routine on the old sanctified system of the house. He did not want that. And what about her ? If he knew anything about her she didn't want it either.

Still he was troubled, and was greatly relieved, on going into the bedroom, to hear her voice from the bed, gentle and small and scared, entreating him :

" You ain't goin' to get Emma in, are you ? "

" She wouldn't come here," Grimshaw said. " You know that."

" You ain't goin' to get a nurse or nobody in ? I'm all right. I don't want nobody."

" I'll do jist as you like", he said. " You want somebody, I'll git 'em in. You don't want nobody, you neent have nobody."

" I don't want nobody."

He was relieved, almost glad. He stood by the bed, over her. She was so small and frail and tired-looking, in spite of her high colour and the large veins on her hands, that he experienced a moment of tender anxiety for her, a spasmodic flutter of gentleness that had nothing to do with the starved cold remains of the rice-pudding, the rags with which he had stopped up the window, the miserliness that in her eyes and after so many years did not seem like miserliness at all. The emotion fluttered his heart and he made a vague gesture or two of restlessness across his unshaven face with his yellow, dirt-clotted hands. " You have somebody in if you want somebody," he said.

" No. I don't want nobody here," she said desperately.

"All right," he said. He picked up the dirty rice-pudding plate and the dirty cup. "You goin' to git some sleep now?"

"I'll try," she said. "Where are you going to be?"

"I'm going to be up in the workshop." He shuffled his way among the crowded snow-gleaming period pieces towards the door. "Shall you be all right?"

"I shall be all right" she said.

Grimshaw went downstairs again, put the dirty crocks into the sink and then went out across the asphalt yard behind the house and into the workshop at the end of it. Snow was falling faster and more softly now, settling everywhere in a crust of an inch or so, so that he made no noise as he walked. The big door of the workshop soundlessly pushed back an arc of snow as he opened it, and when he shut it again behind him the whole world seemed to dissolve into a great calmness. Falling softly into the dead air and catching itself now and then on the dead twigs of the plum-tree growing on the side of the workshop, by the window, the snow seemed to be the only living thing in the world.

On a set of three trestles, in the middle of the workshop, lay several planks of elm covered with sacking. Grimshaw took off the sacking and stood looking at the new, smooth wood. Presently he ran one flat crude hand along the surface of the uppermost plank. The wood had a beautiful living response which smoother things, like glass and steel, could never give. Under the slight pulsation of pleasure that the wood gave him he put his other hand on the plank and ran that too backwards and forwards. The wood was smooth, but he knew that he could get it smoother still. He had spent all yesterday afternoon planing it. Now he could spend all afternoon rubbing it down. In time he would get it as smooth as ebony.

It had been several years since Grimshaw had made a coffin. In his day as a carpenter there was always a hurry for a coffin, but now he did not want to hurry. Even though he knew she was dying, he wanted to make this coffin with care, with his own hands; he wanted to make it lovingly. He wanted to put a little decent scroll-work on it and silver handles, and make it as smooth as ebony. Above all he did not want anyone else to make it. He had had the handles for a long time, put

away in a box on the top shelf at the end of the shop. They didn't eat anything. The elm was the best he could get. It would be a beautiful coffin and there was another thing : because he was making it himself it would come out cheaper.

There was the grave too. He thought about it at intervals as he worked on at the job of rubbing down the elm throughout the afternoon, with the snow falling more thickly than ever outside and the snow-light falling more and more brightly on the wood-shavings, the tools and the elm, the snow at last standing like flowers of coral on the black branches of the plum-tree. In the silence he could think of the grave without interruption, and gradually it too took shape in his mind as a beautiful thing.

He had long since decided that the grave was going to be something more than a hole in the ground. Every inch of it was going to be lined with painted tiles. There were three or four hundred of these tiles packed away in a chest upstairs : painted with flowers, birds, bits of scenery. He had watched her collect them over a period of years. He had watched her gradually collect her own grave together, and now no one in the world was going to be buried more beautifully.

He worked at the elm until, even with the snow-light, it was impossible to see any longer. He packed up at last and went back into the house, not realizing until he crossed the yard in the three or four inches of snow how bitterly cold it still was. When he realized it he went back into the workshop and scraped up a handful of shavings and wood-chips and took them into the kitchen. The fire was dead, and he put a match to the shavings and the wood, piling a handful of leather-bits on top. He swung the kettle over the trivet, and then went upstairs again.

It was very dark on the stairs and almost dark in the bedroom. He went into the room very quietly, greeting her with a whisper, " You all right ? You bin to sleep ? " which she did not answer.

He stood by the bed and looked down at her. She lay exactly as he had left her, but he knew that there was something different about her. At last he put down his hand and touched

her face. Her eyes were cold and closed and he realized that she had gone to sleep and had died without waking up again.

For some moments he stood looking at her, perfectly motionless. Then his thoughts went back to the workshop. Then gradually he came to himself and began to move with the gentle deliberation of a man who has for a long time had something deeply planned in his mind. He pulled back the horse-blanket and the quilt and began to lay out her body.

It was quite dark when he had finished, and downstairs in the kitchen he lit the tin lamp that stood on the mantelpiece. The kettle was boiling and he poured water on to the stale tea-leaves for the third time that day, adding half a spoonful of fresh leaf to the pot. He poured out a cup of tea and spread himself a slice of bread and shop-lard, salting the lard, eating it standing up. . .

When he had finished the tea he took the lamp and walked across the yard into the workshop. It was still snowing and again an enormous calmness closed in behind him as he shut the door, the calmness of snow and darkness and the thought of death.

He turned up the lamp and set it on the bench and began to work straightaway at the coffin. From that moment, and on through the night, he did not know whether it snowed or not. He did not know anything except that the conception of the coffin took shape under his hands. He did not feel the crystallization of any emotion. He kept back his emotions as a policeman keeps back the crowd from the scene of a disaster.

It was about eight o'clock next morning when he really looked up and saw that the snow had ceased, that it lay thick and frozen like years of coral-flower on the bowed branches of the plum-tree. When he blew out the lamp, the strong snowlight came in at the windows, turning the almost completed coffin quite white. He worked on for just over another hour, not hungry, still not feeling any emotion, fixing the silver handles at last; and then soon after nine o'clock he slid the coffin on to his shoulders and took it into the house.

When he moved across the yard in the foot-deep snow he heard the sound of shovels scraping on pavements as people moved the snow up and down the street. The sound whipped

up in him a realization of the outside world. It died almost immediately as he went into the house. He had stopped thinking what the outside world felt or did or thought. He was alone in the house, with her, the coffin and the tiles with their flowers and birds, but he did not feel alone. They had lived alone together for a long time. The furniture and the glass had taken the place, gradually, of people and fields, friends and outside things.

And as he went upstairs, very slowly, bending himself almost horizontal so as to take the weight of the coffin, he felt the presence of the things about him acutely, more real than anything of the outside world had ever been. He felt the beauty of the polished wood as he steadied himself between the tables and chairs with a sudden outstretched hand.

In the bedroom the blinds were still undrawn and the room was filled with the strong light of the snow. It melted in the shining surfaces of walnut and mahogany and hung on the ceiling like a cotton sheet. It struck brightly in his eyes after the gloom of the stairs, filling him with momentary tiredness. But he did not stop. He laid the coffin on the bed and after a time succeeded in laying her in it.

When it was all finished he stood away from the bed, with his back to the snow, and looked at her as she lay in the new bright coffin. As he stood there the grief he had kept back during the night gradually flooded over him. The light of the snow was very white on her face and he stood looking at her with his ugly stained hands loose at his sides and his ugly tired face sunk on his shoulders.

With tears in his eyes he stood like that for a long time, taking in the beauty of the snow-light that was growing stronger every moment, and the beauty of the dead.

THE CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

IN the excitement aroused by the Russo-German confabulation we are in danger of forgetting first principles. Reams have been written about the effect of this Moscow stratagem in the sphere of power-politics; and of its importance for Germany's economic potential there can be no two opinions. But what it all means in terms of "ideology" (*horresco referens*) has somehow been missed. The English, with rare exceptions, do not take kindly to ideas, and it has been left to a discerning foreigner*, Peter F. Drucker, to portray the whole cosmological process of the past twenty years—"the end of economic man", he calls it—of which this Nazi-Bolshevist embrace is the *dénouement*. It is not enough to revile Hitlerism or to define our war aim as the stamping-out of 'Prussian militarism'; the issue with which our West European society is confronted to-day goes much deeper. And until and unless responsible opinion in this country attains a new awareness of the challenge to which we are now committed there will be no future for democracy.

Nothing is more revealing and more depressing than the testimony of misunderstanding afforded by the final exchanges between the British and German Governments published in the White Paper of August 31. It shows that, after all these years of constant diplomatic negotiation—apart from the extensive friendly intercourse among individual Englishmen and Germans—the two nations, represented fairly enough, be it said, by their spokesmen, were simply not speaking the same language, not meeting on the same plane.

It is in the last analysis to this irreconcilable difference of national idiom that this second German war is due. Not that Germans are peculiarly branded with original sin—they are to a certain extent the victims of their country's geographical

**The End of Economic Man*, by Peter F. Drucker. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

position ; no, the challenge which Nazi Germany embodies is inherent in *any* National-Socialist order—a fact which in itself condemns the prevalent wishful-thinking about Italy and Spain. The point is that, beyond all considerations of national interest, which are obvious enough—which are measurable and therefore susceptible of settlement—lie the deepest issues of political morality.

That Mr. Chamberlain and his associates had little or no conception of these fundamental issues is apparent in their utterances and their actions ; it came out clearly enough in the White Paper. There is in the latter, continually, for example, the same old pathetic appeal for restoration of an atmosphere of confidence. Our rulers, to the end sahibs at sea*, clung to the idea that Herr Hitler and his kin were *really* high-minded gentlemen, as eager as Mr. Chamberlain himself to settle the affairs of Europe by peaceful negotiation—or if not *quite* gentlemen, at any rate shrewd men of affairs, who would never actually, for all their bluff and blackmail, launch their peoples on war, because, among other things, it would be ‘bad for trade’. This kind of language to a Government which, by its every action since 1936, has shown that it despises utterly these vestigia of ‘Liberalism’, that it repudiates the British-made capitalist system and deliberately condemns the very idea of international obligations ! The antinomy, in this respect, is clear as noonday. As Mr. Middleton Murry says in his latest book† : “just as the totalitarian *régimes* recognize no validity in the persons of their own citizens but regard them simply and solely as component parts of the omnipotent State, so they recognize no moral validity in other national societies.” Poland was obstructing the path of German expansion ; therefore Poland must be destroyed, and all means of violence, propaganda and intrigue are justified, in the gangster mentality, to compass that end.

Mr. Murry, an incorrigible idealist, is moved to condemn the behaviour of the British Government in recent years as being “completely confusing to the moral sense of the nation”. He detects in Mr. Chamberlain, the quintessential business man, an

* *Vide* article by R. H. S. Crossman in *The Fortnightly*, May, 1938.

† *The Defence of Democracy*, by J. Middleton Murry. Cape.

appalling indifference to moral issues—for example in his insistence on paying a personal visit to Signor Mussolini at a time when the latter's flouting of non-intervention with regard to Spain was as brutal as it was barefaced. The charge applies no less to our present acquiescence in Italian 'non-intervention' to-day, when Signor Mussolini has for years vied with Herr Hitler in operating the self-same footpad technique which we are solemnly sworn to resist. The less we prate about morality, however, the better we shall be fitted to take up the challenge to democracy that has been thrown down. It behoves us to discard all shibboleths and face the facts. For Fascism, as Dr. Drucker observes, is not a positive reflex; but it *is*, emphatically, the result of the collapse of Europe's spiritual and social order.

Both Mr. Middleton Murry and the author of *The End of Economic Man* agree in denying to National Socialism any claim to a theory of society. This new twentieth-century phenomenon is, nevertheless, as Mr. Murry says, a formidable pragmatic criticism of modern democracy—"a protest against the lethargy and cowardice in democratic societies whose members have not the imagination to 'tender the whole'." The use of that Cromwellian phrase is significant. It is because capitalist democracy has failed, in the national and international sphere, to establish an effective social order, to achieve a *commonwealth*, that the world is sick. Communism does constitute, on the other hand, a respectable social doctrine, offering a vision of a societized humanity which cannot but appeal to the atomized men and women that a century or so of capitalist development has produced.

Of the essentials for a new international order—a new commonwealth in the international sphere—I have myself written many a time. Mr. H. G. Wells is hard at it expounding the new-old problem in his own inimitable way, and Mr. Patrick Ransome's article in the October number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* pointed the way forward. Where Mr. Murry's critique is so valuable—he has recently elaborated it in a series of articles in *The Times Literary Supplement*—is in his probing of democracy's historical origins. He has the courage to re-state democracy's substantial affinity with Christianity itself, and to plead for a re-birth of

the Christian consciousness as the one means of stopping the rot.

As we know from R. H. Tawney's classic the themes of religion and capitalism were at the outset closely intertwined. Marxist doctrine arose, Mr. Murry reminds us, just at the moment when the last vestiges of Christian morality were vanishing from the economic structure of society. Landed property—by the enclosure of the commons *etc.*—had liberated itself from the human obligations to which it had been bound. The process of 'grinding the faces of the poor', sanctioned by the law, had already set in before the period of industrialization. As industrial society developed, a new class of men was thrown up—the result of the unconscious activity of capitalism in dehumanizing, depersonalizing and de-Christianizing social relations—which was thrust clean out of society, and it was this "proletariat" which, according to Karl Marx, would destroy because it must destroy capitalist society.

What did Marx mean? According to Mr. Murry—and his critique is the most illuminating that has yet appeared—in so far as capitalism is regarded as a purely economic system he envisaged the destruction of that property-right by which the working-man was forbidden his creative access to the instruments of production on any save the owner's terms. In practice, of course, the development of trade union power and the small capitalist has to a large extent invalidated the Marxist postulate: capitalism in this sense has been scotched though not destroyed. But Marx was also, and mainly, tilting at capitalism as a system of human relations, and destroying capitalist society meant the destruction of the institution of property without human obligations. Now, in practice again, we have witnessed in the past forty years an increasing degree of human obligation being enforced upon 'property'—not direct as in the feudal society but indirect, through the great increase in the taxation of property (*plus* the application of money so obtained to the social services) and the withdrawal of political power from the men of property as such. (The new war budget, incidentally, carries this process in England to unimaginable limits.) Thus, as Mr. Murry does not fail to point out, both the "proletariat" and "capitalist society" of *Das Kapital* have ceased to exist: yet Marx's fundamental

criticism of bourgeois society remains true—the charge of systematized irresponsibility. Moreover, ‘poverty in plenty’ is still our wretched lot, just because the national and social factors have been continually sacrificed to the individual profit-motive.

Now it may be said that Mr. Middleton Murry has, characteristically, ‘piled on the agony’ about our spiritual malaise, that, in Great Britain, at any rate, democracy is not so hopelessly discredited, for all its association with capitalism. Granted! Yet the practical problem remains, if the National Socialist menace is to be met, how to dissociate the one from the other. And, if we are even to begin to face up to the challenge, it is imperative to re-think the basic values of democracy, as Mr. Murry bids us, and, on the other hand, to see Fascism for what it really is. It is at this point that the theme may be usefully taken up from Dr. Drucker’s analysis. For here, in Continental experience, is the same process described by Mr. Murry, translated into catastrophic terms.

The key to the understanding of the new revolutionary movement, he argues, is the despair of the masses. Never mind whether capitalism has failed as an economic system. The contrary can easily be demonstrated. But the economists, capitalism’s chartered defenders, are prone to forget that economic expansion and increase are not aims in themselves—they attract men’s allegiance only as means to a social end. Now, ‘capitalism’, as a social order and a creed, is the expression of a belief in economic progress as leading towards the freedom and equality of the individual in a free and equal society. The idea was that the free and equal society would result from the enthronement of private profit as supreme ruler of social behaviour; just as Marxism, on the contrary, assumed that it would result from the abolition of private profit. These twin-postulates have been discredited throughout Central and southern Europe. On the one hand, the promise of ‘equality’ has been shown to be illusory. And, on the other hand, the masses of Germany and the countries south and east of her were driven by their sufferings in the Great War, the inflation period and the great depression to repudiate utterly the notion of the supremacy over society of economic values. The European

belief in capitalism *as a social order* would, in Herr Drucker's view, have perished much earlier but for two factors (1) the economic imperialism of the XIXth century, which provided overseas outlets and, for the middle classes, sundry pickings, and (2) the lure of the U.S.A., the country of unlimited possibilities. Immigration barriers have thrown Europe back upon itself. And the peoples, beset by economic insecurity and moral bewilderment, seeing only the bankruptcy of statesmanship in the West, have found solace in a blind faith, in a sorcerer like Hitler or Mussolini who takes upon himself all their responsibilities—and contrives to restore their self-esteem in the apotheosis of the nation itself.

Dr. Drucker is the first of the political philosophers to have understood the dimensions of the National Socialist revolution. He sees that the totalitarian State is not a new pattern within the traditional political and social context, that it marks a complete break with the European tradition. And he makes the point that the masses have rallied to the National Socialist standard not because they believe in the Government's promises but just because they do not believe in them! It is the *credo quia impossibile* brought up to date—believing against belief because the alternative is too terrible to face. Not otherwise has the British Government proceeded in a five years' course of self-deception! But if that be so, propaganda to convince the Germans—or Italians—by rational argument is so much beating the air. The masses demand a hero-Leader who works miracles—in whose service is perfect freedom.

One specific achievement stands to the credit of the *Führer*, as indeed also of *Il Duce*—to have exorcized the demon of unemployment. And they have done it by a successful attempt to substitute non-economic for economic satisfactions as the basis for the rank, function and position of the individual in industrial society. Starting with the *dopolavoro* and *Kraft durch Freude* organizations, these lead up to the military autarchy, the 'managed consumption' economy of Germany to-day. But the non-economic society of *Wehr-Wirtschaft*, as Dr. Drucker says, can prove its validity only if war—the other demonic threat to modern society—can be made to appear not only rational and sensible but definitely desirable: "if war

be accepted as an end in itself—in the same way in which bourgeois democracy and Marxist socialism accept economic progress as an end in itself”. Here the Fascist witch-doctors have fallen down. They have failed utterly to convince their peoples that war—real war as distinct from a punitive military expedition against a hopelessly inferior foe like Poland—is anything desirable or necessary. Hence Signor Mussolini’s new rôle as the Prince of Peace. Hence too, Herr Hitler’s desperate efforts now to ‘call it a day’ and pose once more as a peacemaker.

The upshot of Dr. Drucker’s analysis, of which only the bare skeleton is portrayed above, is that this supposititious new order of Fascism or National Socialism is nothing of the sort; it is a mirage not a miracle. But, none the less, it will hold the field until and unless we of the democracies can erect and establish a genuine social order grounded in some new non-economic concept—based, in fact, on a re-formulation of the old European values of tradition, freedom and equality. Dr. Drucker does not, unfortunately, tell us how it is to be done. What he does do in a brilliant final chapter is to castigate both Right and Left conventicles in the democracies for their failure to appreciate the true nature of Fascism—and incidentally to predict the very situation of a Russo-German compact which has now arisen.

If our rulers are not past praying for, let them at least read, mark and inwardly digest what Dr. Drucker has to say, and let us all realize that “the only real resistance to the totalitarian onslaught would be to release new basic forces in our own society”, that intelligent men and women, dimly conscious of these trends and portents which this German scholar has brought to light, will not endure the terrible ordeal of war unless it be fought for positive values, instead of the negative ‘smash Hitlerism’ of to-day.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

“**H**OW you can write about things past and want to have a library near you at this moment I cannot imagine.”

So an intimate friend wrote to me a few weeks ago. A more illuminating observation I have rarely read. It throws a flood of light upon the conception of ‘History’ entertained by people who, like the writer of those words, are—if somewhat lacking in imagination—highly intelligent and highly educated. What wonder that they find ‘History’ dull, if they imagine, as he evidently does, that ‘History’ is a “thing past”, which has no reference to the living, palpitating present.

Some histories are, of course, very dull. When I think of the text-books, current in my youth, I can only marvel that my interest in ‘History’ survived the study of them, that I did not turn in despair to Natural Science or something ‘living’. Fortunately for myself, and I hope for my readers, I had found in my father’s library a little book by Anthony de Fonblanque—“*How We are Governed*”. How a boy of ten came to read that book I cannot imagine. For it *is* dull. Yet for some reason or another it fascinated me : I read and re-read it ; unquestionably it was that book that made me a politician, a publicist, an historian.

I mention, with all appropriate apologies, these autobiographical details because they point a moral on which I have often insisted, and which derives much additional force from the collection of essays just published by Sir Charles Oman.*

The temple of Clio may be approached by many different avenues : the two broadest may be distinguished as the archæological and the political. From the ‘political’ avenue several side-paths diverge, with such signposts as ‘Constitutional’, ‘Economic’, ‘Social’ and so on. Sir Charles

**On the Writing of History*, by Sir Charles Oman. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

Oman is both an archæologist and a politician. Can anyone be a real historian who is not also a 'politician'? That term is not necessarily confined to men who have taken an active personal part in public affairs: it embraces all those who possess the political mind. Mr. George Trevelyan, for instance—one of the greatest of living historians—has never sat in Parliament, or (as far as I know) engaged actively in public affairs. Yet who that has read his "England under the Stuarts", or his trilogy on the reign of Queen Anne, or his memorable contribution to the history of the Italian *Resorgimento* (to name only a few of his works) can doubt that he is "politically-minded"? It would, indeed, be remarkable if the son, the brother, the grand nephew of men who have distinguished themselves in the House of Commons, was himself not a politician. Sir Charles Oman has not only been teaching History for more than half a century at Oxford, but has also for nearly twenty years, represented the University in Parliament. That advantage he has shared with the four most eminent English historians: Lord Clarendon, Edward Gibbon, Lord Macaulay and George Grote all sat in the House of Commons; three of them held office.

The debt which Gibbon, as an historian, owed to his service in the Hampshire Militia, is the commonplace of critics. Less frequently is it recalled that he sat as member for Liskeard from 1774-80, and for Lymington from 1781-3. He himself acknowledged the debt very handsomely in his *Autobiography*. He refers to it modestly: "After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by Nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice. '*Vincentum strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.*' Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice." He concludes a particularly interesting passage thus: "The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian."

"A school of civil prudence." What an admirable phrase! And what a fine testimony to the value of the discipline that school is calculated to impart. The privilege of sharing that

discipline with Gibbon and other masters of his craft has not been denied to Sir Charles Oman.

Of the political partisan there is, however, no trace at all in his volume now under review. To his parliamentary experience there is, indeed, hardly any direct reference. The fourteen chapters are almost exclusively devoted to the subject indicated by the title—the Writing of History. These chapters I have read with almost complete agreement (the slight divergence I will mention presently), with unmitigated admiration, not to say amazement. Has any man, living or dead, seen History as a whole so completely as Sir Charles has seen it? His erudition is simply colossal, his memory miraculous. Let it not be thought, however, that erudition makes for dullness. There is no sign of a jaded mind or a tired pen. The style is as vivid and lively as in any of Sir Charles' earlier works, and though there is no straining after epigrams, good sayings (eminently characteristic withal!) abound. "The philosophers are the enemies of history"; "envy is the enemy of enthusiasm"; "Two 'rights' in collision are much more dangerous to world-peace than a right to a wrong"; "The real foe to final conclusions in ancient history is the spade not the parchment"; "the ideal complete and perfect book that is never written may be (this is à propos of Lord Acton's vast erudition and meagre output) the enemy of the good book that might have been written"; "It is the bias of interpretation which makes what we may really call 'history' which is a way of looking at facts rather than a mere capitulation of them!"—but I must not extract all the plums.

This volume leaves us in no doubt as to Sir Charles Oman's own conception of History. History to him is "not a logical process, and those who try to explain it by the popular slogans such as are inspired by the words 'Evolution' and 'Progress' are not to be trusted—least of all when they, consciously or unconsciously slip in philosophical or moral deductions from their observation or world-annals. . . . Whenever I run upon a writer whose papers (? pages) are full of abstract general terms such as Liberty or Anarchy, Natural Man, inimitable ideas of morality, Free Thoughts or Free Trade, State Socialism, the rights of the individual, Orthodoxy or Heresy, economic

desiderata, constitutional or unconstitutional, I know that I have come upon a propagandist, and must go warily in accepting either his premises, or his conclusions. Wherefore popular phrases about the 'Philosophy of History' leave me very cold."

How, then, does Sir Charles himself look upon History? In chapter after chapter of the present volume he reiterates his conviction that 'history is not so much a record of Progress or Evolution, but a series of happenings of various tendency. . . Let us never talk of the world-stream, or of inevitability, but reflect that human record is illogical, often cataclysmic, anything, rather than a regular progress from the worse to the better all down the ages.' Consequently, he confesses to a good deal of sympathy with the "much decried theory of Thomas Carlyle that (history) has been largely affected by the working of individual men of mark on their contemporaries". Greatly daring, Sir Charles even compiles a catalogue of the men who "really changed the course of history". Carlyle includes in his hero-list Moses as well as Zoroaster, Buddha and Mohammed. If Buddha was a "somewhat shadowy figure" the "founder of Islam", says Sir Charles, "was certainly a cataclysmic personage whose career could not have been foretold from any consideration of antecedents." Among the 'cataclysmic' men of action, Sir Charles includes without hesitation Alexander the Great, Augustus (but not Julius) Cæsar, Charlemagne, Pope Gregory VII, William the Conqueror (somewhat apologetically), Peter the Great, Napoleon (more doubtfully than Peter), and perhaps Frederic the Great and Bismarck. It is, of course, easy to criticize such a catalogue—especially on the side of omission. We may agree that neither the Renaissance or the Reformation threw up a "cataclysmic man", though many would plead for the inclusion of Columbus and Calvin. Again, if Bismarck is included why not Cavour? Was Frederic the Great's work more permanently important than that of Lord Chatham or even Warren Hastings? But such a catalogue must be more or less a matter of opinion.

There is, however, one point on which my own conception of 'history' differs fundamentally from that of Sir Charles Oman. I have never prated about a "Science of History", or even a

“philosophy of History”. The two volumes I contributed to “The History of England”, edited by Sir Charles Oman, do not, I think, reveal any difference of method or approach from his own. I do not share the Positivist Creed either in religion or in philosophy, but I have always been grateful for the lessons in method which I learnt from J. H. Bridges—one of the most eminent of Comte’s English disciples. Bridges’s little book on “*Richelieu, Mazarin and Colbert*” has been for half a century one of the most treasured books in my library. Bridges’s view of history would, I am afraid, incur Sir Charles Oman’s severest reprobation. To the latter history is “a series of interesting happenings . . . not a logical and orderly development from causes to inevitable results. In short, history is full of ‘might-have-beens’ and these sometimes deserve as much attention as the actual but by no means necessary course of events.” Nobody would dispute this : nobody denies that big men do from time to time come upon the stage and upset the apple-cart ; nobody questions the fact that happenings are often illogical and sometimes “cataclysmic”. But is it not equally true that Great events—the Protestant Reformation, for example, the French Revolution, the American Civil War can be traced back to certain ‘causes’ and did in fact produce certain very definite results ? Sir Charles Oman has himself written on the Peasant Revolt of 1381. Would he ascribe it to the personality of Wat Tyler, John Ball or even John of Gaunt or John Wyclif ? Had the Economic upheaval consequent upon the visitation of the Bubonic Plague in 1348-9, nothing to do with it ? Was it wholly independent of the preaching of the Lollards, which were in turn inspired by the ecclesiastical abuses of the day ? Was not the Tudor ‘dictatorship’ a logical result of the premature attempt of the Lancastrians to make Parliament the direct instrument of Government and of the social anarchy resulting from the weakness of the Executive ? To me, I confess, there would be little interest in History if it consisted mainly of isolated ‘happenings’, still less could I conscientiously recommend it as an indispensable element in the school of citizenship.

While differing from Sir Charles Oman on this point I am none the less lost in admiration for the amazingly wide range of his

knowledge. The easy familiarity with which he assesses the value of books I have never read, and discusses personalities I have never heard of, leaves me positively dizzy. He has his prejudices of course; they are indeed refreshingly strong and very candidly confessed. He "detests" the "superior person"; he shared Disraeli's aversion to Goldwin Smith who was Regius Professor of Modern History from 1850 to 1866 (preceding Stubbs in the Chair) Disraeli called Goldwin Smith "an itinerant spouter of stale sedition" and "a wild man of the cloister who goes about the country maligning men and things". Goldwin Smith was undeniably a disagreeable man and a terrible contrast to his benign successor, but his pen if dipped in gall was incisive and his style brilliant. I know nothing better of their kind than his lectures on *Three English Statesmen*, and I owe a real debt to his little book on *Irish History and Irish Character*. Does Sir Charles forget that, with all his anti-imperialism, he died (in 1910) a staunch Unionist?

One at least (perhaps many) of Sir Charles Oman's prejudices I share to the full. He announces as one of the two "messages" that he had to deliver, "that the writing of history is a matter for individuals, and that joint stock history is a mistake". Every student must acknowledge his debt to some of the individual contributions that great scholars made to the ponderous tomes issued in recent years from the Cambridge University Press. But were the fashion of the Cambridge *Historics* to become universal, 'History' even if it became (as it never will) an exact Science, would soon be a lost art. The value of the work of the 'specialist', though great, may easily be exaggerated, particularly if history be regarded primarily as a "school of civil prudence", as an indispensable element in the training of the citizen and the politician.

It is thus that I have myself always regarded it. I hope that four or five of my books have made a definite contribution to learning, but the rest, some thirty odd volumes have been frankly written with a view either to University Students or to the "General Reader" or both. Among General Readers I have particularly in mind those who are interested in public affairs—politicians. Between 'History' and 'politics' no distinction can, indeed, be drawn except in the matter of tense. Even

there it is a fine one. What is history but past politics ? What is politics but present history ? Nay more ; politics *is* history in the making ; history is the record of the doings of men and women as members of the Commonwealth. That is why the complaint of the esteemed correspondent, quoted in this article, appears to me so remarkable. How anyone who is interested in the happenings of to-day can afford to neglect the happenings of yesterday is to one historian at least difficult to understand. I conclude on a note of interrogation which Sir Charles Oman, at least, will not deem irrelevant. Will he include Herr Hitler among his “cataclysmic personages” in some future edition of his fascinating book ? I suppose it will depend on events, and events I trust will not justify his inclusion. Yet it is disquieting to recall the tag *nemo repente fit turpissimus*—Adolf Hitler is not the product of an hour. But perhaps the question smacks of “evolution” !

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE most comforting fact in the present stage of our fortunes is that democracy works. Whatever else may be said about Mr. Chamberlain, under his guidance there have been established exemplary relations with organized labour. This means not only good relations with the Government but with the capitalist employers—people whom Mr. Chamberlain thoroughly understands and out of whom he can probably get more than in the last war was possible either for Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George. Unless we are all being grossly deceived, the machinery of production is running smoothly. Another aspect; Labour is now for the first time since 1931 proving a valuable opposition and scores of speeches from the Government back benches (not so very far back either) answer to a lead given by Labour speeches; and the House of Commons is something very different from a mere registering machine. It has forced the Government to tackle resolutely some of the more intolerable consequences of defects in foresight which were to be expected in such an upheaval—and also the maddening results of arrogant stupidity which at such a time gets extraordinary opportunities to display itself. Certainly, Labour speakers and journalists (the *Daily Herald* is a live paper) do not allow impunity to such exploits. On the whole parliament is doing its job in a way that must give satisfaction to all who have at any time belonged to the House of Commons—a body which leaves friendly affection in all but a few of its ex-members; and the Upper House too, makes a pleasant impression. One has the sense that Lord Snell and his colleagues find themselves just as welcome as Mr. Atlee, Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Morrison in the “other place.”

At the same time one gathers that parliament now, as in

the last war, is a meeting place of alarming rumour. Everyone who had the experience—as so many had—of returning there from France must have found that within its walls the war looked much more desperate and dangerous than in trenches. However, nowadays when we are all, as the phrase goes, in the front line, one can see everywhere the same stolid and no doubt ignorant assurance which the troops had at all events up to the Passchendaele business, and so far as I can judge from hearsay, even after that. Especially after the unity of command was established, which, thank heaven, is this time present from the first.

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Many of us would like to know, and there is no obvious reason why we should not be told, what proportion of seasoned men is mixed with these new levies on the actual front. Experience is worth a deal, especially in economising life. One fact has reached me that

Quality of Recruits is of extraordinary comfort. A medical man of very old and high standing found himself presiding over a board for the examination of recruits and was greatly impressed by the high average quality. His experience had been mostly Indian, but his colleagues who had done the same work twenty-five years earlier were even more astonished. The C3 class appeared to have disappeared; and notably among the young men from towns. Agricultural workers did not make at all so good a showing; the inference is plain. A great rise in the standard of wages has brought with it a great improvement in national physique; and the class where this improvement is lacking is the class where wages have remained deplorably low.

Meanwhile, as we all know, the pinch has not come and there is probably an undue optimism abroad, which the press at large does nothing to check. The only serious estimate of the general situation which I have seen was given by Mr. Belloc in *The Weekly Review* which he in part controls. Twenty-five years ago everyone read him with avidity—naturally, because he was not only a first-rate writer, but one of the very few English critics who had a continental training and had thought seriously of war. To-day most people think they know as much about it as Mr. Belloc. That is a great mistake. At the end of the

last war the most highly trained soldier that I knew well said to me that on the whole Belloc had been more right than anybody else ; and his review of things as they are will be useful reading to those who are busy settling what shall be done with victory. One fact, however, is certain : Hitler's amazing redistribution of peoples, which has not stopped short within the boundaries of states actually engaged in war, has made the problems infinitely more difficult for civilized Europe—if indeed civilized Europe has the last word to say. Poland for the Poles is assuredly one of the allies chief war aims ; but what is civilized Europe to do with the Balts who have been dumped into Polish territory ? and still a thornier question, what is to become of the German Jews, if a Jew state is planted there, by the rough methods of war time colonization ?

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Lord Lothian speaking in the comparative tranquillity of Washington gives it as his opinion that if civilization is to continue, at least the continent of Europe must come under the common direction of one central authority. Everybody knows that several centuries ago England and France put an end to local wars and competing jurisdictions by the over-riding rule of a monarch. But the monarchy was there, and had already at least a partially established claim to impose its own system of laws and its own policy. As between the nations, no such overlord exists. Every nation went into the League of Nations with full determination to preserve its own sovereign independence. In the case of the United States which had been the League's chief sponsor, this determination was so strong that it proved irreconcilable with membership, even from the beginning. England and France, on whom the chief burden lay, as of right, refused at various points complete solidarity. That is no wonder ; the commitments were too enormous ; and failure came first outside of Europe. Planning next time must be on a more modest scale. But the vital thing is that whatever is laid down by the Concert of Europe shall not be altered without the consent of Europe. It was perhaps a fault to make the settlement made at Versailles, it was infinitely worse not to maintain it, except where alteration was agreed to by the same authority.

The Indian situation is distressing. Lord Linlithgow's original proposal appeared at least to some Anglo-Indians as going much too far on the side of caution. For after all to promise that something, and that something indefinite, will be done after the war is over, looks very like a postponement till the Greek Calends. Three years hence at such a time is a considerable instalment of eternity. Mr. Gandhi makes a positive suggestion, which is that a Convention should be elected to draw up a constitution for all India and which should make provision for minorities. We had a somewhat similar Convention in Ireland, set up in 1917, more than a year after the rebellion, and after Sinn Fein had begun to win seats in the name of a Republic. That body if assembled in 1915 would have had incomparably more chance of success—and above all, one reason: Redmond's influence was not then weakened. As it was, he died while the Convention was sitting, and so did the one Ulsterman who appeared to have the will and the ability to bring matters to a useful conclusion. The British Government cannot count indefinitely on the presence of Mr. Gandhi or on the continuance of his influence—which is certainly for a settlement not unfriendly to the British connection.

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Russia's intervention, by extending very largely the encirclement of Germany, has lessened the probability that war will spread to the Balkans. By the cramping effect of this move, she has however increased the chances of a spread westward, to turn the Maginot line; and what is still uglier, her own action may involve the Scandinavian block, through Finland. A war forced upon Scandinavia, and still more a war forced upon Holland would inevitably have formidable reactions in the United States—where, I imagine, feeling towards these countries is warmly affectionate and not restrained by any controversial memories, as it is towards France and (notoriously) towards England. Europe may well be thankful that America was in the last war; for the memory of that intervention carries a menace which has a powerful protecting influence, and may very well restrain Stalin who is under no necessity to attempt further acquisitions in the Baltic. He has no cause to fear France and England,

**Russia's
Intervention**

whose resources unhappily are fully engaged ; but America is the incalculable. For Hitler the case stands otherwise ; delay means that his present superiority in men and material must lessen week by week till the balance turns the other way ; and even dangerous action might be imposed by policy.

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There are signs that the Balkan States begin to consolidate themselves into a *bloc* for mutual protection, and Italy's influence, increasing as Germany's diminishes, may help to bring Hungary into friendlier relations with her neighbours—which would be a great benefit to

**Balkan
Co-operation**

Europe. But the notable fact is the growing co-operation between Turkey and Greece. If ever in the world two states seemed vowed by history from ancient times to within a young man's full memory, these were they ; and their accord is a singular tribute to the wisdom of both peoples and their leaders. I have been reading a book called (somewhat fantastically) *Dusty Measure* in which Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame recounts his experiences as England's Military Representative in two capitals at moments of supreme interest. What he observed at Vienna during the period from 1912 to Sarajevo and the outbreak of war makes fascinating reading, but has less importance because Austria, in any sense, has ceased to exist and the Austria which he knew and loved crumpled in 1918. But all that he has to say about Greece from early in 1915 till after the failure of the Dardanelles expedition impressed me powerfully when it was said in evidence before the Dardanelles Commission ; and it should be read and digested. Briefly it comes to this ; the Greeks offered the Allies an army of a quarter of a million men, in the eastern Mediterranean to support the naval expedition ; and their offer was not merely thrust aside but scarcely even acknowledged. It sounded so incredible that on hearing the evidence one looked for a reason, and the conclusion I came to was that English military men regarded Greek forces as having no fighting value. Sir Thomas Cuninghame (perhaps because he is a Scot) is free from the British tendency to dismiss all southern Europeans as dagoes and therefore negligible. His period in Vienna gave him full opportunity to observe the Balkan war, and the

conclusion he reached was not only that the Greek troops were as good as Bulgarians or Serbians, but that their leaders had exceptional military brains. Greece was from his point of view a priceless asset wasted, and wasted out of ignorance because the authorities in Whitehall thought that no one in Greece counted but Venizelos, and that the King was pro-German—being in fact nothing but pro-Greek. There is not space here to discuss the “might have-been” which this book presents, nor the deplorable “have-beens”; but a useful purpose will have been served if the governing persons in the Western democracies (for France was as bad as England) realize that Greece may be a powerful factor in Mediterranean events and should be handled carefully, as is right in dealing with a power whose friendship is instinctive.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE LITERATURE OF FARMING

By S. L. BENSUSAN

YEOMAN CALLING, by Christopher Turnor. *W. & R. Chambers. 7s. 6d.* Christopher Turnor one of the founders of Agricultural Councils (the former is Sir Daniel Hall), has made a valuable contribution to the literature of farming. It takes a place by Lord Edmonstone's fine book "A Policy for British Agriculture" to which, despite certain difference of opinion on fundamental issues, Mr. Turnor finds himself able to pay tribute.

In writing *Yeoman Calling*, Mr. Turnor, with all the authority of a considerable and enlightened landowner, criticizes 'our over-urbanized and lop-sided civilization' and does not hesitate to show how, in the handling of the land, German and Italian authorities have shown a larger vision and formulated a far more effective programme of home production. He asks for some measure of equilibrium between town and country; at present only 7 per cent. of our population are engaged in agriculture though the world average is 20 per cent. and in the past twenty years 300,000 of our skilled landworkers have gone to other jobs. To-day agriculture, in terms of finance, receives several times as much protection as industry. His plea for pigs and potatoes recalls an earlier and similar aim by another experienced agri-

culturist, Viscount Bledisloe, and he emphasizes a point made by many of us for years past, the unreasonable profit of middlemen. The producer receives five hundred million pounds for produce that costs the consumer twelve hundred, *caeteris paribus* four producers take less than one middleman. If the farmer could gather a fair share of what the consumer pays farming would be prosperous. Mr. Turnor asks that agriculture may be divorced from politics and states that the practice of robbing land must be stopped. He quotes Sir Albert Howard's 'Indore' system of giving back lost humus to the soil but oddly enough ignores the magnificent teachings of the late Dr. Rudolph Steiner. Another weakness of the author's position (in this reviewer's opinion) is a certain tolerance for "artificiality" the source of denatured food and deficiency diseases, but he makes atonement when he reminds his readers that the land is the greatest asset any nation possesses. He deals fairly with the Land Settlement Association in which the politicians have played too large a part and though he does not credit Mr. Lloyd George with certain great proposals for a reformed agricultural system, he adopts some of them. His plan for a mental morning and a manual afternoon in

schools is of highest value and his proposals for remodelled County Agricultural Committees are worth close study. "What is needed" he writes in a brief illuminating sentence, "is a greater inclination to the land." As a result of the last ten years trading, the capital of landlords and farmers has shrunk by upwards of 250 million pounds while the state of housing in rural England is shown by his record of a Lincolnshire village in which during two years ten out of seventeen couples were forced to leave on marriage for lack of accommodation.

There is not a chapter in Mr. Turnor's book that does not deserve study; the one devoted to criticism of the Astor Rountree Report is particularly valuable because it combats a point of view that maintains many present errors. *Yeoman Calling* does not merely draw attention to evils, it points to well considered remedies. Students of the plight of agriculture in England, Scotland and Wales, could not do better than study Mr. Turnor and Lord Addison for clear light on the present agricultural confusion. It is in complete understanding of the vital problem of adequate nutrition that the best hope of betterment lies.

PRE-FASCIST ITALY, The Rise and Fall of the Parliamentary Régime, by Margot Hentze. *Allen & Unwin.* 16s.

THE LIVING THOUGHTS OF MAZZINI. Presented by Ignazio Silone. *Cassell.* 2s. 6d.

Miss Hentze has made an intensive study of the Parliamentary Régime in Italy, and presents the results of it in

an interesting form. The significance of her study extends, however, far beyond the boundaries of Italy. It is now commonly anticipated, if not generally agreed, that the European States-system will, at the conclusion of the present conflict, be radically refashioned. Various prescriptions for the cure of a grave disease are already in preparation, and some of the more impatient and less wise practitioners are already staking out claims to be allowed to apply them. That groups of students should devote themselves to the study of all possible—and even impossible—solutions is entirely praiseworthy. But it surely is the part of wisdom to abstain from publishing their prescriptions prematurely *et urbi et orbi*.

Inexperienced practitioners may well take warning from the story so impressively told by Miss Hentze. The history of United Italy between 1871 and 1922 grievously disappointed many ardent hopes. The Italian *Risorgimento* was, unlike any other movement of our time "It was the one movement of nineteenth century history where politics assumed something of the character of poetry." So Mr. Lecky wrote in 1896, and he reflected the common sentiment of the time. But only a few years later he was constrained to admit that "the events of the last years have filled the well-wishers of Italy . . . with profound misgiving." In particular he noticed "the manifest incapacity of a democratic parliament to command the confidence of the Italian people."

Miss Hentze might well have taken those words as the text of her Sermone. Quoting the famous witticism that "Italy found herself endowed with

stitution imitated from Britain reported in a bad French translation", she insists that the whole administrative system of United Italy was "not derived from Italy's antecedents and life," but was "a queer compound of foreign borrowings and foreign adaptations, of undigested ideas and alien traditions, selected more or less according to the intellectual fashions of the day, and grouped arbitrarily together in the hope that they would coalesce into a satisfactory whole."

That is the root of the whole matter. Of despotisms, aristocratic oligarchies, and direct city democracies Italy had plenty of experience. Of a representative parliamentary system she had none. Moreover, the new political experiment was initiated under conditions, social and economic, which predestined it to failure. Wholly admirable is Miss Hentze's analysis of the "damnosa hereditas" with which the young Italian Kingdom was saddled, and very illuminating her description of the second or third-rate men, who successively attempted to foster the growth of a plant which had no roots in tradition and lacked the nurture derived from experience.

Would things have been better had Italy advanced towards unity, more slowly, and perhaps through an intermediate stage of federalism? It is hard to say; but certain it is that it was a grave error to increase the difficulties of unity by a centralized uniformity. And the new system was terribly expensive. Many of the old governments were inefficient but the burdens they imposed on the tax-payer were light compared with those of a parliamentary system which was largely

based on corruption—personal and regional. Nor had the new tax-gatherers any large resources on which to draw. Italy was very poor; industry was hampered by lack of raw materials and means of communication. Roads were bad; harbours were few, and the railway system was chaotic.

To problems of administration, finance and industry, was added the immensely difficult problem of Church and State, hardly tackled and never solved until Signor Mussolini and Pope Pius XI concluded in 1929 the Lateran Treaties. But that is outside the scope of Miss Hentze's book. Her object is to *explain* the advent of Fascism, to analyse the conditions which allowed it to arise and which, in the eyes of many Italians and the many Englishmen to whom Italy is dear, largely justified Mussolini's bold experiment.

Mr. Silone's little book deals with a much earlier phase in the Italian *Risorgimento*. Mazzini was not a great statesman. He could never have done the work which called for a Cavour; he would have disdained to use the weapons which that great diplomatist employed, reluctantly perhaps, in order to achieve his purpose. But if Mazzini was no statesman like Cavour, and not like Garibaldi a knight errant, he was, in the eyes of his own generation a great prophet whose function it was to inspire his countrymen with the enthusiasm for an idea to which Cavour and Garibaldi gave actuality. Mazzini was the prophet of Nationalism; but the nationalism whose gospel he proclaimed was, as Mr. Silone justly observes, wholly unlike the nationalisms so popular to-day. It was, on the contrary,

"tolerant, conciliatory, humanitarian, cosmopolitan, progressive." His gospel was a stern one; it was based upon the unpalatable truth that "the sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled." Mr. Silone deserves thanks for recalling it to the mind of a generation that has half forgotten both the prophet and his gospel.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

MY CAMPAIGN FOR HUNGARY, by Viscount Rothermere. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 5s.

ROUMANIA UNDER KING CAROL, by Hector Bolitho. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

NAZI GERMANY CAN'T WIN, by Wilhelm Necker. *Lindsay Drummond.* 10s. 6d.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode show a certain rough sense of justice in publishing these two books by Lord Rothermere and Mr. Bolitho respectively; in the first we learn at considerable length about the infinite nobility of the Magyars and how closely theirs resembles the character of the British, and in the second the same things are impressed upon us about the Roumanians whom they so much despise. It seems strange that an Englishman should write down Hungarian propaganda word for word. Lord Rothermere does not seem to notice even its most striking contradictions; he is able to dilate about Magyar feeling for the Crown of St. Stephen and for the integrity of the lands it once united, and at the same time to declare that of course the Hungarians are not so greedy as to wish to re-absorb the non-Magyars, roughly 50 per cent. of the whole population of Hungary in 1914. As

Mr. Bolitho points out, Hungary did not hesitate to annex non-Magyar Ruthenia in March, 1939, and the reason why Hungary's neighbours do not love her as Lord Rothermere would wish is that they know that the big majority of Hungarians are brought up to believe in the full restoration of pre-1914 Magyar rule. As for Lord Rothermere's indifference towards the facts of Hungarian history, it, too, is astonishing. If ever a nation stored up trouble for itself by attempting to denationalize others, it was the Magyars, and if ever a caste stored up trouble for itself by perpetuating social injustice, it was the Magyar aristocracy and squirearchy. If the agrarian reform carried through by the Czechs, the Roumanians and the Yugoslavs, and so completely misunderstood by Lord Rothermere, had been applied also to Trianon Hungary, how much better off she could be. As for the suggestion that British and Magyar institutions are alike, is Lord Rothermere really anxious to imply that the police forcibly prevent the opposition from voting in England as they often have even in recent Hungarian elections? Dr. Eckhardt could supply interesting details.

Mr. Bolitho's book is at least taken up with what King Carol, not the author, has done for Roumania. His descriptive passages are attractive, and he does bring out the importance of the tremendous pressure of the Germans upon Roumania in the last year or so. Only, one wonders, *must* a popular book be inaccurate? Mr. Bolitho tells us that the Saxons were settled in Transylvania in the reign of Maria Theresa; since the Saxons arrived there in the twelfth century, he is presumably

referring to the Swabians of the Banat. As for the vexed question of the Hungarian minority, why pretend? Mr. Bolitho admits that he spoke of only four Magyars in Roumania and he came to them, after all, as the chosen friend of the Roumanians; even then, only two spoke favourably of the Roumanian régime.

Though it is shapeless and straggling and includes a good deal of generally familiar matter about the habits of National Socialism, *Nazi Germany Can't Win* is a more serious piece of work. The author, Dr. Necker, once worked with a big railwaymen's union in Weimar Germany, and this makes his sections on German transport difficulties particularly interesting. He discovers a serious shortage of locomotives and a fallacy in the boasted reliance of the Nazis on their new roads which are much more vulnerable than railways. He also insists upon the poverty of Germany's resources in iron, coal and oil.

Dr. Necker's book is valuable, too, for its plentiful extracts from the writings of German military men, evidence to which far too little attention has been paid in England. His quotations from Dr. Grävell, head of the German Statistical Office, are also important for their frank exposition of the view that Germany should help herself to territory and domination until she controls an immense *Wirtschaftsraum* large enough to enable her to perpetuate this domination. Indeed Dr. Necker makes abundantly clear, what it has taken us all too long to realize, that National Socialism created a system which could only survive by extensive conquest, either bloodless or bloody. One hopes that Dr. Necker is

not too sanguine about the strength of the opposition in Germany, but leaving aside the Diplomatic Revolution created by the Russo-German pact of August 23rd, 1939, events have hitherto justified his predictions; we wait from day to day to see whether he is right that Germany will once again violate Belgian neutrality.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

ST. JUST, by J. B. Morton. *Longmans*. 15s.

THE GAMBLE, (Bonaparte in Italy) by Guglielmo Ferrero. *Bell*. 12s. 6d.

These two books deal with consecutive periods in the history of the French Revolution. The first with the transition to the terror culminating in Thermidor. The second, with the rise of the Napoleonic dictatorship. Both provide fascinating studies of two great men dominated by totally different motives, in circumstances which drove them to ends they did not foresee—the one to the guillotine, the other to an island prison from which death alone could release him.

St. Just, idealist, doctrinaire, worshipper of abstract principles, probably contributed more than any other man of the French Revolution to the creation of the terror which slew him and which was the antithesis of what he set out to accomplish. Napoleon, here depicted as the adventurer who served the directorate of the Revolution in order to conquer it and himself become supreme. His conquests melted beneath his feet. The isolated power of his creation was transformed into the isolation of banishment.

Both books are brilliantly written. *St. Just* begins in drama and ends in melodrama. *St. Just's* career is short though crammed with incident. He was young in years and his spell of glory was brief. He figured in the front ranks of the Revolution only for two years. He is remembered largely for his part in the destruction of a greater leader, Danton. It was not a great rôle to play. The material was poor but he handled it unscrupulously in the service of his friend Robespierre though Mr. Morton's brilliant advocacy almost makes us believe he was inspired more by his loyalty to the Revolution. Indeed it is *St. Just's* loyalty to Robespierre, his friend, that is his final undoing. It is a sad fact, although Mr. Morton shows *St. Just's* devotion to high principle and great aims, that he never appears to have challenged Robespierre, who from an instrument of the revolution became one of its greatest dangers.

Although Professor Ferrero's book on Bonaparte is confined to Napoleon's conquest of Italy, his analysis of the man in the process of making his conquests is so penetrating that what follows in the life of the French Emperor could hardly bring new surprises to the reader. The book is described as the study of the rise of dictatorship. Professor Ferrero critically destroys much of the romantic nonsense surrounding the famous name, but I think he is in danger of finally underestimating the genius of the "little corporal". He brings to light documents which show that behind Napoleon at least in the Italian conquest, stood a directorate which issued orders, planned the campaign, and had an eye on Napoleon himself, who Professor

Ferrero would have us believe was little more than an efficient executor of the orders from France.

Nevertheless, all he has to say is important, especially in his description and analysis of the social forces which Napoleon let loose by his conquests in Italy. It is interesting indeed, to observe the fears of the French directorate concerning the possible spread of the revolution to the Italy it had conquered. It is quite clear that these leaders did not regard themselves any more than did Napoleon, as banner bearers of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

Professor Ferrero says "Italy was the glittering trap that destiny laid for the Revolution rushing across Europe in search of adventure." That is an interesting proposition for the students of history to consider. But more important still is the appropriateness of these two studies in relation to our own time. A century and a half ago the French Revolution blazed across Europe new principles for the governance of society. Those principles are now challenged by the totalitarian power of Nazi Germany.

J. T. MURPHY.

THE TOWN THAT WAS MURDERED :
The Life Story of Jarrow, by Ellen
Wilkinson, M.P. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

From Miss Wilkinson one expects courage and conviction and *The Town That Was Murdered* certainly does not lack in either of these qualities. Moreover the style in which the book is written is vigorous and pleasing, the narrative is well sustained, while the case for socialism is so well argued, and her argument so well documented, that

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Miss Wilkinson commands more attention with her pen than she does, on occasions, with her voice in the House of Commons.

When Miss Wilkinson has told us of the very early days of Jarrow; when she has described in vivid sentences the condition of the people during the prosperous days of Palmer's shipyard; when she has commented upon the closing of that yard and the frustration of Jarrow's future hopes, she sums up thus:

Charles Mark Palmer started Jarrow as a shipbuilding centre without considering the needs of his workers. They crowded into a small colliery village which was hurriedly extended to receive them. They packed into insanitary houses. They lived without any social amenities. They paid with their lives for the absence of any preparation for the growth of such a town. And in 1933 another group of capitalists decided the fate of Jarrow without reference to the workers. A society in which the decisive decisions are invariably taken by one group, and in which those decisions are reached only by considerations of their own welfare, is not a just society.

And she goes on to tell us of the fight for the steelworks and the great Jarrow march—a march organized not by a group of malcontents, but by a town, asking for the right to live.

Miss Wilkinson tries to be fair and she does manage to convey the impression that she can appreciate a strong opponent, but a crusader gains strength from his blows and Miss Wilkinson has no intention of giving a capitalist a second chance. In conclusion Miss Wilkinson raises many points of interest and controversy over the question of relief. Charity is not enough, "they want jobs", and she complains, I think rightly, that unemployment is not the proper basis for social service

work. "A man," she says, "without a job is no subject for experiments in social organization." I find myself in less agreement with her opinion of Juvenile Instructional Centres, disliked, apparently, and as I have heard, in Jarrow, but appreciated elsewhere, certainly in Bishop Auckland to name another Durham town.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

HERE LIES: The Collected Stories of Dorothy Parker. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

THE SCRAPBOOK OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD, edited by J. M. Murry. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

One extraordinary thing about Miss Parker's book is its small number of stories: few authors can have presented the public with a Collected Edition containing only two dozen stories, and not long stories at that. But it is very evident that Miss Parker's considerable reputation has not been built up on quantity but on a systematic devotion to a certain rigid technique, by a brilliant mastery over self-imposed limitations. As a satirist she has taken charge of a very small world: composed, generally, of extremely small people, so small and silly and so helpless that Miss Parker is often touched by them into tenderness. This tenderness, deviating sometimes into sentimentality, and continually underlying the bright enamel shell of her style, makes her the softest hard-boiled egg in American literature. Her mastery of a cool satiric style is super-efficient; as a technician, superb in economy, she is primarily a writer's writer. For example the implication of the dialogue in *The Sexes* and again in the famous *Here We Are* are lessons for anybody. More than

anything she is like a surgeon, immensely acquainted with the anatomy of the human mind, performing delicate and indelicate operations with the same terrifying skill and the completest exposure of everything under the skin. She writes with irony, but never cynically, and always with an underlying sense of devotion that is, perhaps, the secret of her success. Naturally her very limitations expose her to criticism. Such emotion as the stories contain often seems, for example, synthetic; where beauty is allowed to come in you sometimes feel, as is often the case with satirists, that it has been borrowed from elsewhere and stuck a little obviously on the page, for colour effect. But she is so good a writer that even to such a stricture she produces an exception. The story of the big negro woman in *Clothe the Naked* is full of beauty and poignancy and suggests, perhaps, that Miss Parker has deep resources beyond her self-imposed limitations. Meanwhile, within these limitations, she remains a classic.

Mr. Middleton Murry has collected together a book of oddments from the scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield; fortified by the knowledge "that there are now many people in many different countries—in France, perhaps, above all others—who take a peculiar personal and loving interest in all that pertains to Katherine Mansfield." I am sure this is true; but for my own part I wish the book had never been published. No writer of our day has suffered quite so much as Katherine Mansfield from well-meaning persons sifting her literary remains. The present volume contains all sorts of scrap-book material from 1905 to 1922; bits of abandoned stories, notes for stories subsequently

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to become famous, random thoughts, quotations that either seemed to fit her philosophy or challenge it; criticisms, among them a shattering hit at D. H. Lawrence's *The Lost Girl*, which she found completely false; a few unimportant poems, quotations from other poets, from Tchekhov's letters. There are one or two terribly poignant and intimate confessions, chiefly about love and her illness, for the inclusion of which I do not think Mr. Murry escapes censure. Indeed, for my part, I hope we may at last be left to judge and appreciate the author of *The Garden Party* in peace.

H. E. BATES.

MISCELLANEA

LET THE RECORD SPEAK, by Dorothy Thompson. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

One would like to be present at a meeting between Herr Hitler and Miss Dorothy Thompson, providing, of course, that the meeting was 'on the level' and Miss Thompson had not got one foot in a concentration camp. This book is composed of Miss Thompson's writings over a period of three years in the *New York Herald Tribune* and elsewhere. Like Hitler, Miss Thompson speaks her mind but she wins easily on logic as remorselessly she builds up her case. Hitler had much in common with Miss Thompson, at least until the end of the Polish campaign, for she is always on the attack, breaking down resistance, taking up positions from which there is no drawing back, and thundering away with all the ammunition at her command. It is excellent newspaper stuff but in book form rather overwhelming.

But let her speak for herself in the comparative quietude of her preface:

It (National Socialism) is, more than Communism, a complete break with Reason, with Humanism, and with the Christian ethics that are at the base of liberalism and democracy. It is, like Communism, a break with the ethic or science that elevates the search for truth into the noblest of human passions. Much more than Communism—in theory, if not in practice—it denies the very concept of the inviolability of human personality, and unlike Communism considers all of life as the unrelenting struggle of tribal groups for biological survival.

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STATUTE LAW RELATING TO EMPLOYMENT, by F. N. Ball. *Thames Bank*. 10s.

It is the aim of this new publishing Company to produce legal and other technical works, which will be of daily practical use to professional men. *The Statute Law Relating to Employment* makes an excellent beginning. The Table of Contents shows the wideness of its scope, dealing, as it does, with the Common Law in Part I, The Workmen's Compensation Acts in Part II, National Insurance (Health and Unemployment) in Part III, and the Factories Act, 1937, in Part IV. The book is splendidly documented, and there is a Table of Statutes and a Table of Cases to which reference is made. The whole book is very carefully planned to give immediate access to any section which the reader wishes to consult.

THE HIGH COST OF HITLER by John Gunther. *Hamish Hamilton*. 3s. 6d.

Broadcast talks relating to events are seldom of much importance by the time they are published. Mr. Gunther

however, is very nearly in a class to himself as a narrator, and in these ten broadcasts, sent out to the United States of America from all over Europe in the closing weeks of peace, he cinematographs events in well focussed pictures. The fact that the sagacious Mr. Gunther was unable to foresee the swift collapse of Poland, or to anticipate the Russo-German pact, in no way diminishes the pleasure of reading this small volume. Contrariwise, he allows us to recapture our misguided judgments of a few weeks back, although, he did at least say that "It may even happen that we are *not* going to get the plastering here—from the air—that almost everyone expects". He was speaking, then, from London.

FROM NATURAL CAUSES, by Josephine Bell. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.
MR. PINKERTON AND THE OLD ANGEL, by David Frome. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

DEATH TO THE SPY, by Bernard Newman. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Miss Bell continues to show her strength as a writer of thrillers. This particular story has a less compact background than is usually the case in Miss Bell's work, but it is good stuff done the less with death taking its toll through the medium of perforated sheets. Moreover, Miss Bell has no foolish sympathies for her criminals; she sees him or her safely on to a rope before the end.

Mr. Frome gives us the setting of an hotel but with more characters to confuse the issue. The hero, Mr. Evan Pinkerton, falls obviously into the lovable old dodderer class but I cannot convince myself that he helps this story, which is a straightforward piece of

detective fiction with a good strong plot and quite half-a-dozen nasty bits of work, who might have done it. Like Miss Bell, Mr. Frome can write and that makes all the difference.

Death To The Spy has espionage for its theme, Corsica for its setting and the troubled state of Europe up till August, 1939, as its background. The story is hardly convincing but 'Papa' Pontivy has a real 'lovely' for an assistant and there are some fine bits of signalling done by morse with a gun, the batting of eyelids, and washing on a pole; this last effort, the re-arrangement of the week's washing every five minutes in full view of the road, was enough surely to attract the attention of every housewife in the vicinity. However, the excitements are plenty, including, I hope, a highly unconventional end.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Duchess of Atholl : Possessed of abounding energy The Duchess of Atholl was a distinguished member of the House of Commons from 1923 to 1938, as Unionist representative of Kinross and West Perth. Her disagreement with the Government over foreign policy led to a by-election and her defeat. Since that time she has not been quite so active in public life and accordingly her statement in this issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* will be read with even more than usual interest. From 1924 to 1929, she was Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Education, and all her life she has taken a tremendous interest in Nursing.

The Bishop of Chichester : Greatly interested in social and industrial problems, The Rt. Rev. G. K. A. Bell has always been concerned with the practical application of Christianity in the modern world, a fact which was illustrated only a fortnight ago when the University of Basle honoured him with the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity as a recognition of his efforts for the unification of the Churches of Europe and his constant help given to the German Christians of Jewish extraction.

H. Belloc : Writing as well as ever, Mr. Belloc promises us yet another book early in the New Year. The article we publish this month is part of one chapter of that book. In war-time it may be interesting to recall that on leaving school Mr. Belloc served as a driver in the 8th Regiment of French Artillery, but this was before

he went up to Oxford in 1893. Later Mr. Belloc was a Member of Parliament in the Liberal interest for S. Salford from 1906-10.

H. E. Bates : If we remember rightly Mr. H. E. Bates has now published nine volumes of short stories, a considerable achievement for one who sets himself the highest standard for all his work and who has not yet reached the age of 35. Many people would put the name of H. E. Bates at the top of their list of the best short story writers of to-day.

W. Horsfall Carter : A former editor of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, Mr. W. Horsfall Carter has written regularly for this paper over a number of years. His swift diagnosis of the ills of Europe is coupled with the ability to express himself on paper with unusual vigour and colour. He has travelled much, although Spain remains the country of his choice and affection.

Sir John Marriott : One of the oldest friends of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, Sir John Marriott, who was born in 1859, has been lecturer, Member of Parliament, and author of countless books. As a historian he ranks very high, and his recent enforced absence from London has shown him to be, in Letters to the *Times* and in other ways, very loath to consider himself in any way retired from public life.

Notes on our contributors, Mr. H. G. Wells, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, General Sir Charles Gwynn, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton and Mr. Stephen Gwynn appeared in recent issues.

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